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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



BEAUTY'S EYES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The Babel of tongues on the London stage just now has a perturbing effect on the dramatic critics. I found one of them seated on a bench in St. James's Park the other afternoon, deep in study. When I addressed him, he looked at me with a wan smile, and murmured, "Parbleu, Corpo di Baccio, Ja wohl!" Then, rousing himself gradually from a sort of polyglot torpor, he added, "Excuse me, Herr Signor, I speak ze Engleesh not very well. Hang it all, man! who would be a dramatic critic in these days? Can you wonder that I am forgetting my own language? Look at this." He held out to me a small volume, which appeared to be a grammar of the Kamschatkan tongue. "I tell you it is no joke. There's a Kamschatkan company at Drury Lane all this week, and last night I had to write three notices of the play without understanding one word! There was a parcel of schoolgirls behind me, and they laughed in the right places, and said, 'Isn't that deliciously Kamschatkan?' It was maddening. And when I asked Archer for a tip or two, he said that Kamschatkan is very like Fijian, into which he has just translated 'The Roast Beef of Old England'! By Jove, Sir! it's enough to drive a beggar to suicide!" Here he cast a morbid glance at the lake, where a select circle of ducks was engaged in an animated conversation.

There was a strange irony in the scene. Scattered about us were the forms of citizens who seek repose here from exhausting toil every summer day. They were coiled on the benches in all the picturesque attitudes of siesta and an easy conscience, while the dramatic critic, worn and sleepless, wrestled with the Kamschatkan symbols. "A pretty look-out for the English drama," he went on gloomily; "another week or two of this foreign jargon, and I shan't be able to comprehend a word of English, even at the Adelphi. Why, Sir, my wife burst out crying this morning, because our eldest youngster asked me for sixpence, and I couldn't understand him." The remembrance of this domestic pathos overcame my friend, and he brushed away a tear. "But didn't you get any help at Drury Lane," I asked, "from the synopsis of the play which is usually supplied on such occasions?" "The synopsis!" he echoed, producing a document from his pocket. "Try it, my boy. It's like that stuff they advertise in the omnibuses, with a picture of an old gentleman in a wig, who says that, for keeping the head cool, there's nothing to compare with it. Let us see how a dose of synopsis cools your fevered brain!" I took the paper, and read:—Act I. Scene—A Kamschatkan interior. A table with a bottle on it. Distant view of a bed. Robert comes home from Tartary, where he has been selling nutmeg-graters. He sees his father, mother, and sister, and shakes hands with them. The village blacksmith comes in with his hat on. They shake hands. Robert says he has a friend outside with a check suit. Father asks where this came from. Robert refuses to tell. Friend, who has a very long beard, comes in and shakes family by the hand. Father says, "Where did you get your dittos?" In excitement of the moment, village blacksmith dashes his hat on table. Overwhelmed with reproaches, he puts it on again, and drinks out of bottle.

Act II. Another Kamschatkan interior, home of wealthy tailor, richly furnished with tapestries representing allegorical birds with very long bills. Robert and friend and tailor's son shake hands. Friend tells anecdote of young man who was about to blow his brains out because he could not pay his tailor, but reflected in time that this was a very foolish thing. All laugh heartily. Wealthy tailor appears and says suspiciously, "Surely I have seen those dittos before?" Act III. Scene in first interior. Robert's father and village blacksmith with his hat still on, in suits of dittos exactly like those of friend. They shake hands, and make merry with the bottle. Robert says, "Where did you get those dittos?" His sister confesses that she has been to a *conversazione* with the tailor's son. Robert stamps and punches his chest. He cries, "Take them off." Father refuses. Mother says, "What a fuss about a *conversazione*!" Village blacksmith has a pull at the bottle and says he will take anything off except his hat. Act IV. Interior number two. Wealthy tailor examines his books and exclaims, "I knew it! Those dittos were never paid for." Robert and friend come on, Robert with large copy-book, friend with large cheque-book. Robert recites noble sentiments from the copy-book. Friend, who is a great traveller, describes how the custom of shaking hands varies throughout the globe. Wealthy tailor says archly, "Surely in your travels there is a trifling account for dittos you have overlooked." Friend gives him a cheque for an enormous amount, and wealthy tailor, overcome with emotion, wishes to shake hands, but the friend draws back and shakes his head. The play is called in the Kamschatkan language "Kum Grippelfinger-offschen—The Handshake."

I was obliged to admit that the synopsis was not lucid, though I could perceive in it some glimmering of a moral. The dramatic literature of Kamschatka is evidently didactic. I daresay our native stage will benefit considerably by this irruption of elevated ideas. Such a reflection had no consolation for my friend the dramatic critic; but, for myself, when I go to a theatre where the play is not quite intelligible, there is always the solace of studying the orchestra. I question whether this devoted body of public servants ever receives the attention it richly deserves. While the conductor, between the acts, is drawing exquisite harmonies from his musicians, the house is lost in small talk. Sometimes he shows the meekness of patient merit by waving his bâton mechanically, and gazing into space; but I like him best when his soul awakens, and presses every muscle into the melodious service, indifferent to the callous frivolity of the chattering theatre. First he muses, as if the bars he is beating inspired him to reverent contemplation. Then he shakes his head, and flashes an inquiring glance at the first violins. They are playing very well, no doubt; but is this the true exaltation of music? No; their souls must be uplifted—they must rise with his, and soar far above the proscenium. He grasps the air over his head, as if he were climbing up the golden stair. But this mood does not last long: it is too ethereal; it might, if unduly prolonged, disembody him and carry his spirit to celestial regions. In an instant he drops to earth, and seems to be driving a hansom cab. The reins are held jauntily; he flicks the horse's head with the bâton; he cocks his eye at the distant drum, as if he saw a fare. From St. Cecilia he has come down to Arthur Roberts.

Just then his gaze is caught by a friend in a box, and a flush of joyous recognition deepens on his brow. He looks at the orchestra again with mute but eloquent mandate. "How shall we most fittingly acknowledge," it says, "that there is, at all events, one person in the house who is interested in our noble efforts? Can we pass such a tribute by unnoticed? Would not that be a slur not only upon friendship, but also upon our glorious art? Never shall it be said, my friends, that we received this warm human greeting with icy scorn." So the first violins declaim with rapture, and fire comes into the eye of the clarinet, who is not usually emotional, and the oboe is quite red in the face, and the drum booms a majestic salute, and over all the conductor spreads his hands as though his fingers were carolling and fiddling and drumming a melodious benison. Then, as the great wave of triumphant melody slowly subsides, his head droops, he seems to curl up on the last three bars, and, with a final glance of ineffable beatitude at the first violins out of the corner of his eye, he disappears into his waistcoat pocket like a precious instrument which must be carefully put away.

I see that the cant of "art for art's sake" is ascribed to Flaubert, but the sentiment and the phrase had passed into French literature long before the author of "Madame Bovary" was famous. A memorial of Henry Murger is to be erected in the Luxembourg Gardens, and, among the inscriptions which this monument will bear, a passage in the delightful preface to the "Vie de Bohême" might be profitably included. Murger had a very shrewd appreciation of the simpletons, as he called those who rave about "l'art pour l'art." He described them as types so strange that one could scarcely believe in their existence. They made such an idolatry of "art for art's sake" that they disdained to help fortune even to discover where they lived, but waited in total obscurity for pedestals to be placed under their feet. In our day the disciples of "l'art pour l'art" are anxious to plant their own pedestals in the middle of the most crowded thoroughfare. "If you remark to them," says Murger of his simpletons, "that we are in the nineteenth century, that a five-franc piece is the Empress of humanity, and that varnished boots do not fall from the sky, they turn their backs on you and call you *bourgeois*." They call you *bourgeois* still; but they wear varnished boots every day, and they know the value of a crown as well as any huckster. In Murger's time, they hugged misery as the lot of genius, and died of pride rather than starvation, content to think that they were leaving behind them masterpieces which, if accidentally detected, might be applauded by the world. To-day the pavement of publicity echoes with the patter of varnished boots, and masterpieces are chanted almost before they are born. Our devotees of "art for art's sake" do not suffer passively the obscure and rigorous destiny which they make themselves. They have learned, as Murger suggested, to dualise their natures; and, when they are not gazing in rapt ecstasy at the Muse, they are harrowing the finest feelings of the publisher.

GIVE HER TIME.

THE PARSON (who wishes to do a little missionary work while on his trip abroad): "My dear young lady, do you love the Lord?"
YOUNG LADY (indignantly): "How impertinent of you to ask, Sir! I have only known him two days."—Puck.

SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Photographs by James Soame, junior, Oxford.

THE CHESHIRE CAT (MR. LAW), AND THE DORMOUSE (MISS RUTH DANIEL).

Some delightful performances of scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" were recently given by amateurs in the gardens of Worcester House, Oxford. The scenes were arranged by Mrs. Dowson (Miss Rosina Filippi), who was also responsible for the excellence of the stage-management. The acting was remarkably good. Miss Rachel Daniel made a charmingly winsome Alice. Mr. Playfair and Mr. Rubens, as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and subsequently as the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, were very droll; and Viscount Suidale, as the White King and Humpty-Dumpty, and Mr. Tayler, as the Caterpillar, both played cleverly. Miss Ruth Daniel gave quite a brilliant little performance as the Dormouse, Mrs. Huntingford and Miss Fletcher were admirable as the Red and White Queens, and Miss Rowdon made a good Duchess. Miss Playfair displayed genuine humour as the Cook. The *ensemble* was excellent, the dance being especially spirited. There was, indeed, a quaint charm about the entire performance which exactly suited the dainty fantasy of the story, the author of which, "Lewis Carroll," is a well-known Oxford don.



ALICE (MISS RACHEL DANIEL), AND THE CATERPILLAR (MR. A. N. TAYLER).



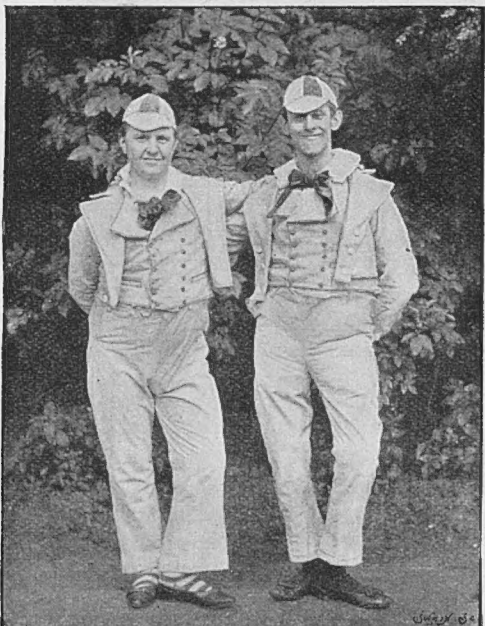
THE WHITE QUEEN (MRS. HUNTINGFORD).



THE KNAVE OF HEARTS (MR. COTTON).



THE WHITE KING (VISCOUNT SUIDALE).



TWEEDLEDUM (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR), AND TWEEDLEDEE (MR. PAUL RUBENS).



THE WHITE RABBIT (MR. COTTON).



THE DUCHESS (MISS ROWDON), AND THE COOK (MISS PLAYFAIR).

CHAUCER DRAMATISED.

Photographs by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool.

A garden fête was held on Wednesday in the grounds of Otterspool House, near Liverpool, in aid of the Ladies' Association for the Care and Protection of Girls. The novelty of the fête was a "Chaucer Pageant," which was given in a part of the grounds where a green lawn is surrounded by a circle of shrubs and trees, forming an ideal outdoor



theatre. Professor Raleigh, of University College, Liverpool, is responsible for the words of the little drama, which is an adaptation from the "Wife of Bath's Tale," entitled "The Riddle," while his colleague, Mr. Anning Bell, assisted by several ladies, designed and arranged the admirably tasteful costumes which were worn in the pageant. Mr. Raleigh's one-act play is a charming trifle, and though the author follows Chaucer's rhymed measure almost throughout, he contrives to give a sprightly tone to the dialogue, and the versification is both graceful and varied. The play opens with the entry of a number of knights and gentlemen in mediæval costume, noticeable

among them being Sir Eglamour, a foppish knight, dressed in mauve silk and velvet, and well played by Mr. Edmund Rathbone. To them enter Sir Pharamond (Mr. Norman Heywood), wearied with his year-long quest over the world for the answer to the question, "Wherein do women find their greatest bliss?" His failure to give an answer to the Queen will forfeit his life. The other knights, unable to help, retire, the jester, a character cleverly played by Mr. H. Threlfall, uttering parting gibes as he goes away. Pharamond falls asleep, and wakes to find an aged woman, hooded and cloaked (Miss E. Fowler), presiding over a dance of elves. The dance was prettily executed by a number of children, in fairy dress, pupils of Miss Noble. Pharamond breaks into the magic circle, and obtains the help of the old woman. She whispers an answer to his question and demands that the knight shall grant her what she asks in return. She hobbles off, and almost immediately King Arthur and his Queen enter in procession, a band of music playing a march behind the trees. In the bright sunshine of the afternoon the procession was an exceedingly pretty sight, for the dresses had been carefully chosen, both for individual beauty and for effective combination in groups. The King (Mr. Gotch) wore blue-and-yellow robes, scarlet hose, and a white doublet, on which a gorgeous dragon had been embroidered. The Queen (Miss A. Fowler) had a green brocaded robe, with sleeves and petticoat of lighter brocades. Two charmingly dressed ladies followed (Miss Trew and Miss Nicholson), one, with dark hair falling over her shoulders, wearing a rich yellow robe, with square-cut bodice, her companion's costume having a skirt of pink and cream brocade, a black velvet bodice, laced in front, with sleeves and chemisette of white muslin, and a muslin veil on her head. A Court lady, standing near the throne which was set up for the King and Queen, wore a green velvet skirt and a blue-and-green brocaded bodice, with long hanging sleeves, lined with deep blue, over white muslin sleeves, a muslin chemisette showing above the round-necked bodice—a rich and beautiful costume. It is needless to describe the end of the story—how the knight gives the right answer, that women "desire to have sovereignty"; how the old woman claims his promise, and asks to become his wife; and how, when he at last consents, she throws off her cloak and reveals herself as a young and beautiful woman. The little play was followed with great interest, and, at the close, the author was warmly called.

ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday from my window seat,
I gaze across the shady street
With many fond emotions,
Until, at last, Elise comes out
With downcast eyes and mien devout,
And goes to her devotions.

"Dear girl," I sigh, "so good and fair,
This is *my* one unanswered prayer,—
That you, who love to labour
In Christian work, may understand,
And forthwith heed, the stern command
That bids you love your neighbour!"—*Life.*



DANCE OF ELVES.



HE : " Yaas ; I went to the Pandemorar the other evening. Awfully jolly company they 've got there ; the Sisters Trilby, awfully good girls ! "

SHE : " Are they good ? "

HE : " Well, I don't know about *that*, but they 're awfully *clever*."

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London Bridge										
Portsmouth arr.	9 0	12 45	1 10	1 40	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25
Ryde	9 55	1 50	1 50	3 0	3 0	5 10	7 45	7 45	8 35	...
Sandown	10 45	2 29	2 29	...	3 33	5 46	8 14	8 14	9 24	...
Shanklin	10 51	2 36	2 36	...	3 38	5 52	8 19	8 19	9 30	...
Ventnor	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 30	3 50	6 6	8 30	8 30	9 40	...
Cowes	11 23	3 17	3 17	...	3 35	5 35	9 7	9 7	B	...

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London Bridge ...	9 0	*10 0	9 0	London Bridge ...	7 0	*7 0	7 40
Paris ... arr.	6 35	*6 55	8 0	Victoria ...	7 0	*7 0	7 50

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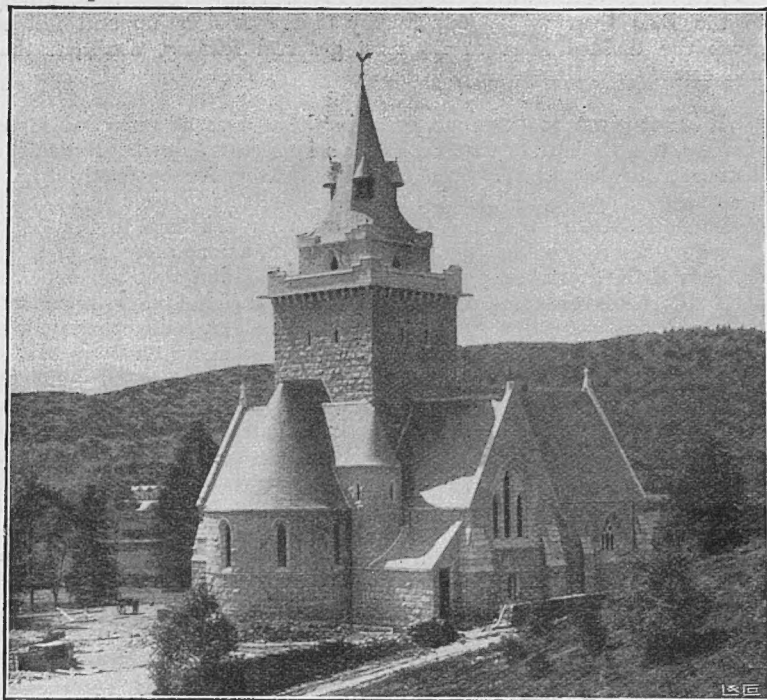
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SMALL TALK.

The new parish church at Crathie, which the Queen attends so regularly when she is at Balmoral, was opened last week by a simple dedicatory service, conducted by Dr. Cameron Lees and Dr. Donald Macleod, which was attended by her Majesty and several members of the royal family. Built of granite, of course, on a magnificent site, the



THE QUEEN'S KIRK AT CRATHIE.

Photo by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

church is a good example of the old Scots style of architecture, and has cost £6000. Its interior, enriched by gifts from members of the royal family and others, is of most interest. Her Majesty presented a stained-glass window in three panels, in memory of the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught gave a granite font, and Princess Louise and Princess

Beatrice presented a peal of four bells. The royal household gave a granite pulpit inlaid with pebbles collected by Princess Louise in the island of Iona. Such a "hanseling" of a Scots parish kirk would, I fear, shock the presbyters of old days.

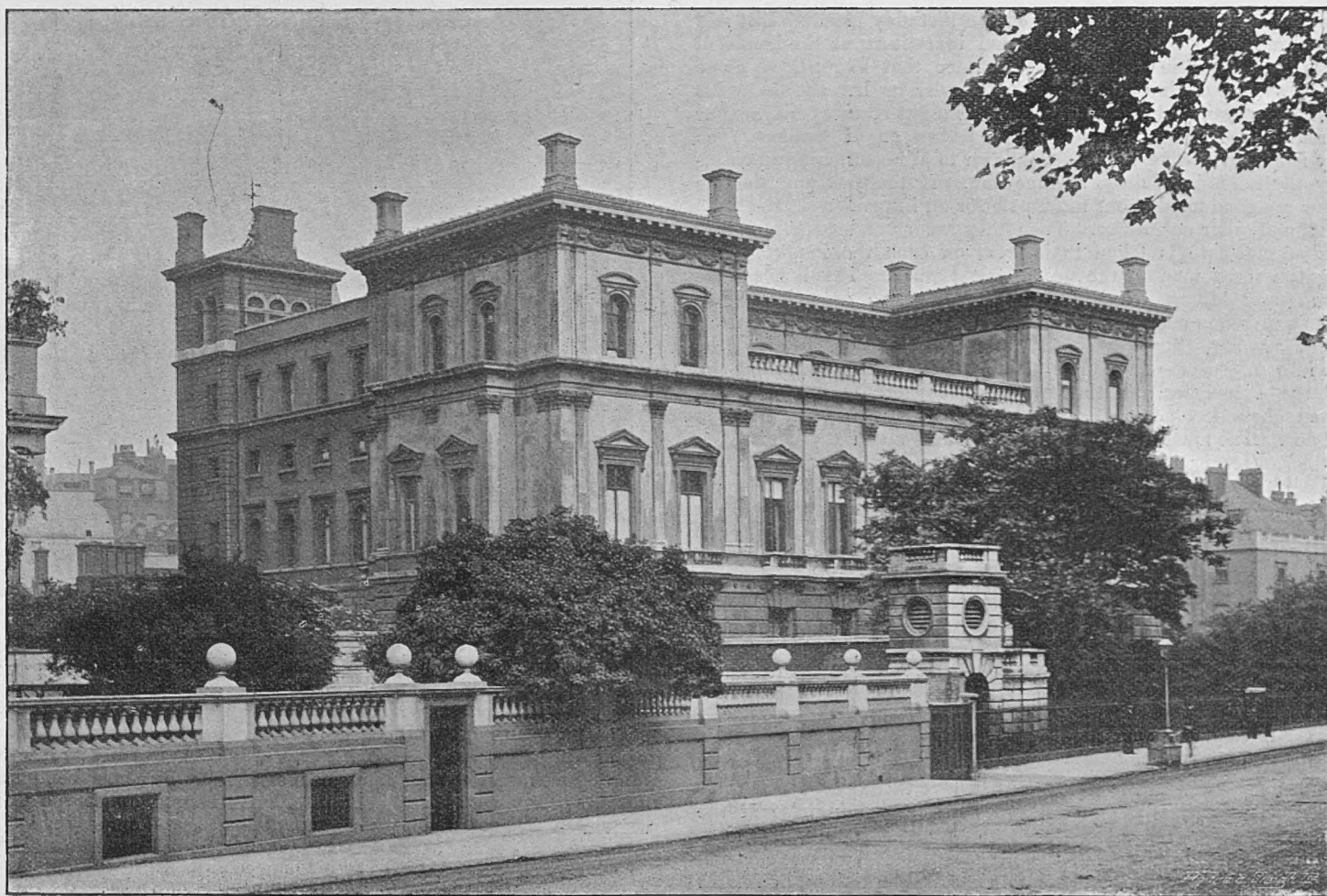
On the last day of her stay at Balmoral, the Queen paid a number of farewell visits to certain favourite cottages at Crathie and in the neighbourhood of the Castle. The Queen is always very sorry to leave Scotland, as the bracing air of Balmoral exactly suits her constitution. The air at Osborne is far too relaxing, and her Majesty's residence in the Isle of Wight this year will be considerably curtailed, as she is anxious to get North again as soon as possible. The Queen had two tea-parties at the Glen Gelder Shiel during the last week of her residence at Balmoral. This Shiel is a cottage containing two rooms and a kitchen, and is surrounded by very wild mountain scenery. It was built in 1876 to replace a royal cottage near the head of Glen Gelder, which was pulled down in 1867 because it was considered to be inconveniently near the public path to Carn Beg.

The Queen is to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne, according to present arrangements, on Thursday, July 18. The royal yacht *Alberta*, in which her Majesty always crosses the Solent, is now undergoing an overhaul and refit at Portsmouth, and she is under orders to go out of harbour, to adjust compasses, on Tuesday, July 16. The Queen will stay at Osborne until the third week in August.

The Marquis of Breadalbane was summoned to Balmoral last week, in order that her Majesty's "commands" respecting the arrangements for the reception of the Shahzada at the State Banquet at Windsor Castle might be ascertained without delay, as it was found impossible to settle the various details by telegraph, nor was it practicable to wait until after the Queen had returned to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales goes to Newmarket next Tuesday, travelling by the mid-day train from St. Pancras to Dullingham, and riding thence to the July course. His Royal Highness, who will stay at the Jockey Club during the races, is to return to town on Friday afternoon.

The State Banquet which the Queen is to give to the Shahzada in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, is to be a very magnificent affair. The gold dinner-service, made to the order of George IV. by Rundle and Bridge, and capable of dining 120 people, is to be used, and the table will be decorated with the famous golden candelabra and the unique Armada flagons and vases. The royal plate at Windsor is valued at rather over two millions, and it is probable that the value of the plate displayed at the State Banquet will amount to considerably over half a million.



DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, WHERE THE SHAHZADA HAS BEEN STAYING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to come up from Windsor to attend the Ball, for which about two thousand invitations have been issued by the Lord Chamberlain. The dates of the second State Ball and second State Concert were not fixed by the Lord Chamberlain without a great deal of trouble. It was not only difficult to find a day which would suit the Prince of Wales, but it seemed as if it would be impossible to arrange the dates so as to ensure the presence of the royal visitors from abroad for the Duc d'Aosta's wedding, whose plans have been repeatedly changed.



THE FOUNDER OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

I was told, the other day, upon what *ought* to be good authority, a curious incident in the interview between her Majesty and the Shahzada. My informant seriously declared that, when the highest honour and respect are intended by an Ameer of Afghanistan, his message or letter is deliberately wetted all over by the tongue of the bearer before it is handed to the person whom his Majesty delighteth to honour. This ceremony, I hear, was most religiously performed on his royal father's missive by the Shahzada before he delivered it; the Queen regarding the process with a doubtful eye, and the Lord-in-Waiting or Equerry, who, after some hesitation, took it, doing so with but ill-concealed disgust. Now, whether this tale is true I cannot say. I can only repeat that it *ought* to be; but it is possible that my friend, who told it in such serious fashion, was only indulging in a little hoax at my expense. Perhaps some of my readers can confirm or contradict.

The destruction of New Mar Lodge, which was, I hear, a sad blow to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, will necessitate their finding another Highland abode this autumn. It is very probable that they will use Old Mar Lodge, where, by the way, the Queen has often honoured Madame Albani by taking tea with her. Old Mar Lodge, which is on the other side of the Dee from that on which stands, or stood, the edifice about which so much has lately been written, has been let for the shooting season for many years, and contains but comparatively few objects of interest connected with the Fife family. By the way, one of the mementoes swallowed up in the recent destructive fire was a Memorial Window in the chapel, dedicated to the mother of the Duke, through whom he was connected with our royal family; for the late Countess of Fife was a Fitzclarence, and a grand-daughter of the Sailor King, being the daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Erroll, who had married a sister of the first Earl of Munster, the eldest son of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan, the great actress.

Some time next month the knights of the Birthday Honours List will repair to Windsor to receive their formal investiture at the hands of the Queen. It is an interesting circumstance that knighthood alone carries this special distinction. Your mere peer or baronet takes his patent, and no more said or done; but the knight receives his honour direct from her Majesty by the literal laying on of hands. The ceremony is curious. The knights go down to Windsor, and are entertained by the Lords-in-Waiting at luncheon. If there is any time to spare, they are conducted about the Castle for an inspection of the State apartments and other curiosities. Then they are assembled in an ante-room, and special care is taken to impress on each the importance of following the right man in the pre-arranged order. This is necessary to prevent any hitches, as the sudden appearance of a knight in the Queen's presence out of his turn would upset the whole etiquette. When, let us say, Sir Henry Irving's turn arrives, he will be ushered into a room where her Majesty is seated, attended by some of the Princesses and the Ladies-in-Waiting. He will make a profound obeisance, advance towards his Sovereign, and kneel on the left knee. The Queen will take a sword and touch him lightly on the shoulder, uttering the words "Sir Henry," not "Rise Sir Henry." The "Rise" has no existence except in historical romances. Sir Henry will not rise just then, but will place his right arm on his right knee in such a position that her Majesty will lay her hand upon his arm to be kissed. Then he will rise, and bow himself gracefully out of the room, backwards. Her Majesty is very particular about this kissing of her hand. She will not have it done in the illusory fashion practised by witnesses in a police-court when they are presented with a greasy Testament. Sir John Rigby, when he was knighted, was thinking of the Testament, and neglected to kiss the royal hand; whereupon he was sternly called back, and compelled to go through the ceremony over again.

The Queen's word, in the matter of titles, is absolute law. Were she to address a bystander inadvertently as "Duke," a duke he would remain, unless she revoked the honour. I believe there are several cases on record in which titles were conferred by a sudden impulse of the Sovereign in a colloquial moment—titles which are extant to this day. There is thus a real significance in the phrase that the monarch is the fountain of honour. When the fountain sprinkles a citizen, he retains the gracious moisture, and often bequeaths it to his posterity.

All the world, and an appreciable contingent of her husband besides, figure vigorously at Battersea from 10.30 to 12 every morning by the clock nowadays. Cycling has, as a matter of fact, become our only form, and breakfast at White's *annexe*, with strawberries and hock-cup *à discrétion*, offer all that life has to give of its pleasantest in the season's early daytime. The Duke of York, on his Bantam, is the latest royal recruit to this overwhelming gaiety, and one of the infrequently graceful is Princess Maud of Wales. Few women, indeed, move more prettily either on a wheel or off. The Duchess of Fife is an adept already at this game of games, and next season we shall, no doubt, see the Duchess of York duly enrolled. Meanwhile, the ardent Parisian never took more kindly to the Bois than we to our Surrey Side. And if we still fail to grasp the divided skirt in its most graceful reading, doubtless that will come.

It is not given to everyone, even in these days of universal interviewing, to be able to declare that they have seen the devil. But such a distinction, if legend may be accepted as history for once, might have been claimed by Edward Alleyn, the actor, and the founder of Dulwich College. It is said that the College owes its existence to the fright caused by the appearance one night, to Alleyn, among a crowd of stage demons, of Sathanas himself *in propria persona*, and that the appalled actor thereupon registered a vow, of which Dulwich College represents the fulfilment. Be this as it may, Founder's Day was celebrated, in properly pious and congratulatory fashion, once again on June 21, for the ancient College was founded under letters patent dated June 21, 1619. The College, at its foundation, consisted of but twelve "poor scholars," six male pensioners and six female, with a teaching and governing staff of half a dozen. All the world knows into what Dulwich College has now developed; and in years to come, when all its leases fall in, it will be an enormously wealthy foundation. The portrait of Edward Alleyn reproduced here was published rather more than a century ago, and will be full of interest for old and present Alleynians.

The sensation at the sale of the Price pictures occurred in connection with the magnificent Gainsborough, the portrait of Lady Mulgrave, an oval, 29 by 24 in., in white dress, black mantle, and hair *poudré*. This picture, which is known through Waltner's etching, was offered for sale



A TEN-THOUSAND GUINEA GAINSBOROUGH.

in 1882, when it realised 1070 guineas. At the Price sale the bidding started at 5000 guineas, and quickly reached 10,000 guineas, at which it was knocked down to Mr. Campbell, a private gentleman, apparently unknown as a picture-buyer, who handed the price of his treasure to the auctioneer in bank-notes. The lady of the portrait married Constantine Phipps, second Baron Mulgrave, in 1787, and it was either of her husband or her nephew, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, that the epigram was written—

Lo, on his knees Constantine Phipps,
As lowly he for grace doth beg!
But when he ceased to ope his lips,
The wily Devil broke his leg.

The marriage of the Duc Emanuel Filiberto d'Aosta, son of the late Duc d'Aosta, who for a short period reigned as King of Spain, under the title of Amadeus I., with the Princess Hélène Louise Henriette of Orleans, second daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, has been received with almost universal approval. Perhaps the one note of discord in this singularly felicitous alliance has been the determination of the Pope, in accordance with the attitude taken by the Vatican towards the Royal Family of Italy, not to receive the Duc d'Aosta's bride. When it is realised how faithful the Orleans family have been to the Holy See, it is easy to understand that this decision of Leo XIII. has been a source of real regret to the Princess and her family. That the Pope will continue his personal interest in the future Duchesse d'Aosta is evident from the fact that his Holiness has sent her his special blessing on her marriage.

The Princess Hélène has the reputation of being one of the handsomest and most amiable Princesses of Europe. She is certainly one of the most popular. From her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, she has inherited a fund of high spirits. She is devoted to outdoor exercise and sports of all kinds, more especially to riding and hunting, and she has by her clever and fearless horsemanship, when following the hounds in Buckinghamshire, effectually dispelled the erroneous belief that the French are not our equals in the saddle. She speaks English fluently, and with a pretty French accent. She is witty, vivacious, and natural-mannered, and her amiability of character and charm of personality have endeared her not only to her family, but to all the members of the



THE DUC D'AOSTA.

cabinets in the room are filled to overflowing. These gifts, like the wedding presents of Princess Hélène, are tokens of esteem and affection from every class of society, including most of the crowned heads of Europe. No other proof is needed of the fact that the Orleans family have held a position of great difficulty with a tactful and unassuming dignity which has won them the respect of all with whom they have come in contact.

The annual inspection of the Yeomen of the Queen's Body Guard is always a picturesque sight; the Tudor uniforms of the veteran stalwarts

would alone make it so. When, in addition, you have such bright sunshine as was the other day the case, the mass of gorgeous colour, with its surrounding of greenery, and its background of chastened red—the old brickwork of St. James's Palace—the function is one that no lover of brilliant effects should miss. However, the sight is by no means a novel one to the Londoner, and I should hardly have called attention to it in these columns had it not been for the opportunity I had of beholding some of these "Yeomen," "the flower of the army," as Sir Donald Stewart called them in his short harangue, in their habit as they live, and stripped of the wonderful trap-



PRINCESS HÉLÈNE.

pings which are, I believe, unchanged in detail since the days of the eighth Harry. A communicative commissionaire informed me that these heroes, when the business of the day was done, loved to congregate in the old-world parlour of an old-world hostelry in that thoroughfare of clubs, Pall Mall. I had no difficulty in finding the place, for I doubt if the palatial street contains another house of public entertainment, and, when there, I had no difficulty in recognising, in the massive warriors grouped about, some of those whom I had noticed as taking part in the inspection. With some were their "better-halves"—who, by the way, had been on the ground as spectators of the scene—and the eating and drinking that was going on seemed quite a family picnic, for all, not unnaturally, appeared to be old acquaintances.

When brought into such close contact with these mellowed and well-developed "Tommy Atkinses," I was not surprised at Sir Donald's flowery description, for medals not a few flashed on manly bosoms—one veteran, rather gouty in the toes, wearing about seven. Their faces were brave and soldierly, and their bulk astonishingly great. Their appetites, like themselves, were large, and it was a pleasure to see so hearty a display. Indeed, in this respect, one son of Anak, about six feet three tall, by four feet broad, seemed no unworthy descendant of those three great yeomen of the time of Queen Bess, of whom we once upon a time loved to read in Ainsworth's "Tower of London." As to the talk, it was by no means uninteresting, for there was often a personal scrap of some great chapter in the warlike part of England's history, mingled with stories of old comrades that had their charm for the listener, though the actors were unknown. I quite enjoyed my hour among the Yeomen of the Guard, and, on leaving the old hostel, I felt by no means inclined to question the flattering estimate of their worth made a short time before by Sir Donald Stewart.



CHÂTEAU D'EU, THE FRENCH HOME OF THE BRIDE.

Photo by Mr. Fowler.

royal household. She is a graceful dancer, and is fond of music. She has blue eyes, fair complexion, and golden hair. Her greatest charm lies in her brightness of expression and colouring, which accounts for the fact that none of her photographs do her justice. Perhaps the most successful likeness was her portrait in the Paris Salon three years ago, painted in a white satin gown, with a soft background of green.

The Duc d'Aosta, who is only just twenty-six years of age, is a pleasant, manly, gallant young soldier, with good looks, a vast fortune, and a noble name, inherited from his father, King Amadeus I. of Spain, and his mother the Princess. He is much beloved both in Turin and Florence, and is extremely popular with the Royal Family of Italy, as well as with her Majesty the Queen. It is pleasant to know that while this alliance is in every way a brilliant and desirable one, it is also an unmistakable love-match. No one who has seen the Duc and his fiancée together can doubt this for a moment. The presents received by the Princess during the past weeks have been numberless and magnificent, bringing back the memory of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris' silver-wedding day. The Comtesse de Paris has had to set aside a separate apartment at Stowe, which is completely furnished and ornamented with her silver-wedding gifts, in addition to which the great inlaid ebony



STOWE HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE BRIDE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

That excellent singer, Mr. Templer Saxe—who, by the way, I have not seen lately on the lyric stage in London—gave a *soirée* at St. George's Hall, in conjunction with Miss Pauline Ellice—a pianist whom I think I remember some years ago as an infant prodigy—which was excellently attended in the earlier part of the evening. The principal fault lay in the inordinate length of the entertainment. Had it been carried out in its entirety, it might have been going on now, for it was more liberal than the programme of a Liberal Party before a General Election. It seemed a pity that so clever a little sketch as "The Man Who Couldn't Die," by one Paul Mohr, should have wasted its undoubted smartness on the desert air of an almost empty house, especially as Mr. Saxe's acting as the undying one was really excellent, as was the Buttons of Mr. P. Glenton, who looked rather like an understudy of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick." That the technical skill of Miss Pauline Ellice, the *Elle* of Miss May Pinney, and the *Lui* of Mr. Saxe, in that charming song-cycle, "*Elle et Lui*," and the sentimental dolefulness of Mr. Laurence Kellie, who warbled in his usual effective style about the Moon and the Lagoon, and one or two other things that rhyme with them—that all these excellent items were not more appreciated, was owing to their being portions of what appeared to be an endless evening. Mr. Saxe should be warned in future against stuffing his pudding with plums in so lavish a manner.

Sunday parties are beginning to be quite the favourite manner of killing that care and grief of heart which a British Sunday inevitably induced on earlier and less happy generations. Hurlingham and Ranelagh put forth the "gentle" seductions of string bands and coloured lanterns as accompaniments to sylvan Sunday-night dinners. The Gallant Gallery Club members find that ladies respond in liberal numbers to the Sunday gathering, even with cigarette-smoke as a condition to be inevitably accepted; while many well-known hostesses have inaugurated the pleasant primrose path of Sunday-evening dalliance at their own houses as well. Mrs. Scott-Murray's party on Sunday week at Cadogan Gardens, for instance, was quite one of the most appreciated functions of the month. Among those present were Lady Bedenfield, Sir Reginald Barnewell, Lady and the Misses Vavasour, Lady Rose, Lady Clifford, Miss Petre, Mr. and Miss Fitzherbert, and a great many others. Miss Scott-Murray's charming house at Medmenham, where her hospitalities have for long been a proverb, has just been sold, by the way.

If every woman is a rake at heart, every man may be still more set down as a *gourmet*. The fine art of feeding comes first of all sentiments with your averagely constituted male, and a tender heart or blooming complexion, though undoubtedly desirable, come inevitably second to a Chateaubriand steak or a dish of peaches, to which the same adjectives would equally apply. The middle-class *ménage* has long been doomed to a dead level of uninteresting dishes, with other evils of its condition, but with the advent of these new solidified sauces a better condition of things seems possible to the beef and mutton of present undisguised simplicity. The solidified sauce, long known in Paris, the kingdom of cooks, is a novelty here, and was introduced at a recent exhibition by a famous *chef*, a professor, in fact, of the *Académie Culinaire*. I feasted, some evenings since, on a little dinner, each course specially "accelerated" by these wonderful preparations, and am since convinced that anyone who pays her cook anything under £50 per annum should seriously turn her attention to these invaluable condiments.

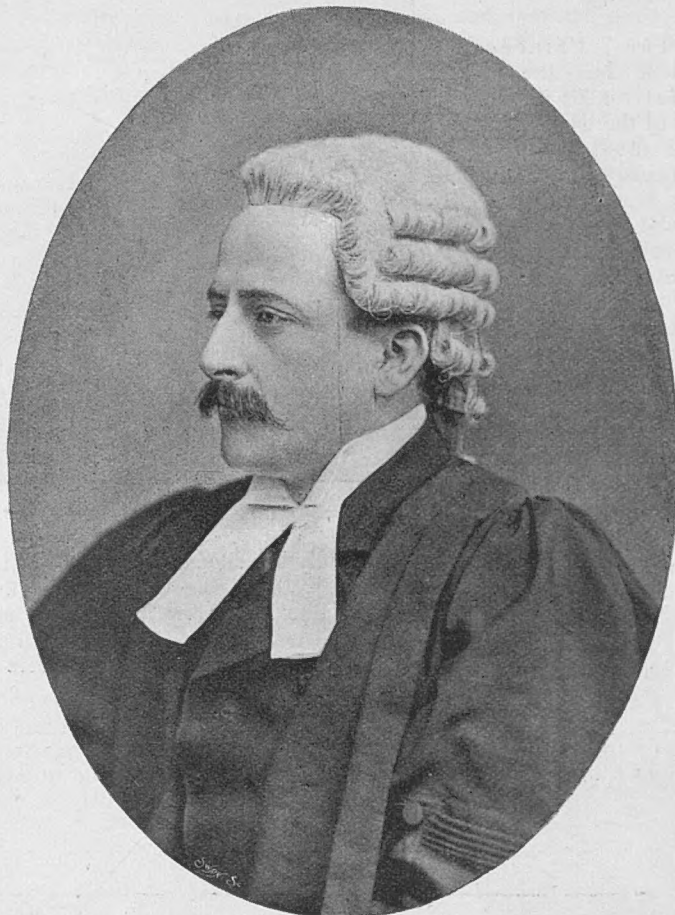
When discussing the important question of my Long Vacation holiday the other day, a friend suggested "Paris-Plage," and it was but a natural coincidence that, soon after, I should hear a good deal about the neighbourhood and some plans that have been formed to make a splendid Anglo-American watering-place not many miles away from Boulogne and close to Étapes. It carried back my mind to a week that I once spent at Étapes with Dudley Hardy, when we wanted a cheap holiday. He recommended Étapes because his father, and many other artists, are fond of the place, and because, at the *Hôtel Joos*, you can—or could—live well on five francs a day. We had a very pleasant holiday, for the country is very pretty all round. One thing that attracted our attention was the pine-wood growing close to the sea. All people know that trees are reluctant to grow on the sea-shore, yet here were about two thousand acres of pines, silver beeches, poplars, and others, while of wild flowers there was a remarkable variety.

This charming place, which can be reached in four hours from London, has, so I learnt from Mr. John Whitley, the famous organiser of the American, Italian, French, and German Exhibitions, been chosen as the home of a cherished scheme of his. In a little while he hopes to make it, under the name of Mayville, the most popular of fashionable watering-places in France, and a kind of home of international sport. When he has carried out even half his plans, Mayville, with its splendid sea-shore and its background of lovely woods, will have charms unrivalled on the coast of France. He tells me that he is launching a company to assist him in his undertaking, and, after what I heard of the ridiculous price at which he is able to buy the land, I am sure that, under his management, it will have a great success, and Mayville will become a delightful link between the two great countries that the treacherous Channel separates.

The Nikisch concerts at the Queen's Hall are evidently destined to be successful, judging from the appreciation which was accorded to the

first of the series. In a corner of the balcony sat the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the handsome Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse. The hall was crowded, and in the audience I noticed Dr. Richter, Signor Randegger, and other notabilities. Mr. Nikisch conducted the famous overture to "*Tannhäuser*" with remarkable restraint, and his orchestra, throughout the afternoon, did itself great credit by responding to the slightest direction of the conductor. Madame Melba sang, with perfect art, "*Sweet Bird*," which she gave at the last Handel Festival. One of the floral tributes consisted of a great basket, from the curved handle of which depended a bird-cage. M. Adamowski played Max Bruch's highly interesting Concerto in a finished manner, seeming, however, a trifle too satisfied with himself. He is undoubtedly a most expert violinist. All the other items on the programme were enjoyable.

The death of Lord Colin Campbell, at the early age of forty-two, ends a career that was mainly melancholy. When he entered the House of Commons in 1878, and joined Mr. Goschen's staff in 1880 on the famous



THE LATE LORD COLIN CAMPBELL.

Photo by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.

mission to Constantinople, he seemed likely to follow in the footsteps of his father, the Duke of Argyll; but that hope vanished after his divorce case, which dragged its weary length, from first to last, for two years. Law then attracted his attention, and he was called to the Bar, and went to Bombay in 1888, where he had since practised with credit to himself. He had become very popular in Bombay.

A good story is being told of Anthony Hope. He had occasion, the other night, to take into dinner a lady who knew him only as plain Mr. Hawkins. The hostess afterwards asked the good lady whether she had talked to Mr. Hawkins about "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" and "*The God in the Car*." "Certainly not," was the reply; "I don't think Mr. Hawkins the man to be interested in that class of book."

With the Grace-ful number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* of last week, our friend, John Latey, made "a hit, a decided hit." His score is now 1778 runs and not "out," except "of print." The national game of playing fair ever rules in Milford Lane, where the geniality of the editor of the *P.I.P.* is only eclipsed by his modesty. He is generally known among his friends as the "discoverer of Jabez." His latest innings is remarkable for the number of clean and clever "cuts"—indeed, the Cricket Supplement gives the *coup de Grace* to all other rivals.

A rising Scotch coast resort is Hunter's Quay, Argyllshire. It marks the point where the waters of the Clyde seem to flow in their most attractive form, varied by the wonderfully picturesque scenery of the Holy Loch and Loch Long. Hunter's Quay is a great yachting centre. Here the Valkyrie last year met her tragic fate, and report says the Britannia will this season grace the scene. Handsome residences are rising rapidly up, and an English Church has been erected by the munificence of a Glasgow gentleman.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It is not often that books of verse, almost simultaneously published, are so entirely irreconcilable as the two that lie before me, Mr. Blackmore's "Fringilla" and Mr. Symons's "London Nights." For, though a widely differing family, poets, the greater and the less, have nearly all some points of contact and understanding between each other. The only connecting link I can find between these two at the present moment is the doubt in my mind whether the volume of either should have been published. But in Mr. Blackmore's case, at least, the doubt is only a faint one. The author of "Lorna Doone" is a writer of romance, not a poet; and it is, perhaps, an excellent counsel that warns the shoemaker to stick to his last. Yet, if "Fringilla" contain no fine poetry, it is a book: it is the genuine utterance of a man who liked and felt something. One does not read all unmoved its introductory and its concluding stanzas, "To my Pen" and "Fame," separated in the writing by just forty years. Sings the young writer in 1854—

Thou puny instrument of soul,
Wherewith she labours to impart
Her efforts at some arduous goal,
But fails to bring thy coarser art
Beneath a fine control.
Shall ever come a fairer day
When thou shalt be a buoyant plume,
To soar, where clearer suns illumine
And fresher breezes play?"

Sings the experienced man of to-day concerning the elusive spirit of Fame—once a "Bright fairy of the morn," then a "Ripe glory of the noon"—

Gray shadow of the evening, gaunt and bare,
At random cast, beyond me or above,
And cold as memory in the arms of love—
If I o'ertook thee now, what should I care?"

And, if the stories in verse that separate these two poems look but feeble fulfilment of the aspirations of his pen forty years ago, there are better fulfilments elsewhere, and the defects of these cannot lessen the reputation of a writer of fine romances. It is true there are terrible rhymes and woeful doggerel in some of the pieces, and a descent, either careless or defiant, from ideal heights to depths of prose every line or two. Of art there is not a trace; of poetry no great store. But romance is there, a real delight in fine legends, a belief in love and purity and beauty. Some of the particular stories Mr. Blackmore has chosen to tell—"Lita of the Nile," "Kadisha" (a tale of Eve's jealousy), and "Pausias and Glycera"—might have been very dull indeed in the hands of an artist far superior to Mr. Blackmore. They are not dull here; they arrest and keep one's attention by their uncouth picturesqueness. And, wherever he has to speak of out-of-door things, the uncouthness vanishes. "Fringilla" is made up of verses that a more worldly-wise man of letters would have kept locked away for ever, and the artist in us might approve such restraint. But they give a welcome glimpse of

guilelessness, of fresh, undying romance, to the less cold portion of us. They utter, in a stammering way, genuine emotions. Then, to heighten our satisfaction, the book is a very pretty one. Mr. Fairfax-Muckley's designs are delightful. He and Mr. Gaskin are raising the reputation of the Birmingham school of designers to a deservedly high point. Mr. Blackmore doesn't care for the pictures that illustrate his verse; but there, at least, he is wrong.

Now for the other book that quarrels with Mr. Blackmore's at every conceivable point, "London Nights" (Smithers). For much of Mr. Symons's verse I have real admiration. There is no question at all of his vocation. "Silhouettes" contained beautiful lyrics, delicate in thought and workmanship. But even a born lyricist may make mistakes, and surely here is one. It is that fatal dedicatory "To P. V." that has done it. Mr. Symons has apparently lived, so far as he could, in "P. V." for all these London nights; and, really, at first sight, he seems to write in very much the same way. I suppose he should be called a highly successful imitator. Verlaine, however, is not imitable; he is the most elusive of models. A great poet he is at moments, without a doubt, and capable, too, of writing a vast amount of empty rubbish. But the absence of convention, the lawless rhythm and grace, and the subjects—generally unpromising for poetry—are all that can be caught from him. The secret of the rest is in Verlaine's soul, and no one possesses that. I have read through "London Nights" with an admiration for an ear that can catch so much of a difficult music, and willing to find poetry and reality in any scenes, however unsavoury, where Mr. Symons could show poetry and reality actually to exist. And all is very clever, and all is empty. I am not shocked, any more than I am deeply moved; though Verlaine now and again shocks and moves me. I don't believe in the wickedness of "London Nights," in what Mr. Symons calls his "joy of sin." I never feel that the devil was really at his elbow, urging him to strange temptations and magnificent forbidden joys. I only see and hear everywhere a young poet who has diligently read Paul Verlaine, and wishes he could be like him. But Mr. Symons has a self of his own, and, when next he expresses it, I shall read about it with far more pleasure than I read now of the one he would manufacture for himself.

It was a better poet than either of them that wrote "Mother and Daughter: a Sonnet Sequence" (Macmillan). This little collection of poems by the late Mrs. Augusta Webster has the marks attaching to most posthumous work; it has obviously not received the care which the author would have given it before sending it out to the world. As sonnets they are very imperfect, but the poetry is real. Mr. William Rossetti, who writes a preface, says of Mrs. Webster's drama, "The Sentence," that it is "the supreme thing amid the work of all British poetesses," and he is not forgetting the claims of his own sister. These unambitious poems, expressing maternal love, are not on the high level of her dramatic work. But they are genuine and tender, and every line of them is written by a poet. They are not very quotable, but it is safe to recommend the little volume, and warrant it companionable in the quiet hours when domestic poetry has a chance of appeal.—O. O.



HUNTER'S QUAY, ARGYLLSHIRE.

THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS.

Photograph by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.



SCOTS GUARDS.



FIRST LIFE GUARDS.



GRENADIER GUARDS.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It cannot be said that Madame Bernhardt was very wise in presenting to a London audience "La Princesse Lointaine." It is rather hard upon the English to ask them to take pleasure in a work whose chief charm is the quality of the verse in which it is written. Poetic plays in England, when they succeed, reach success not by means of the verse, but despite it, for the number of ears nice enough to feel the music of verse such as is possible on the stage is small. But if it be true that blank verse, which is more supple than the French rhyming verse, decidedly handicaps a play written in English for the English, can there be any chance of success for a play in the rather irritating lines of the French Alexandrines when offered in London, unless it be very strong in subject? "Izéyl" had some measure of success because it contained a striking sensation scene, and gave the actress an opportunity for showing nearly all her gifts, and throughout is a dramatic, interesting work. Moreover, the poetry of M. Armand Sylvestre and Eugène Morand is richer and finer in workmanship than that of M. Eugène Rostand.

To me, not a little of "La Princesse Lointaine" was pleasing, because, in its simple, long-drawn love-story, there is much of the old *trouvère* flavour, much to recall the tales of Boccaccio and of the fair and by no means prudish author of the "Heptameron," Marguerite of Navarre, the fair sister of Francis I., whose poems, "Les Marguerites de la Marguerite," are delightful.

There is an attraction in the geographical, historical vagueness of the story, and in the very name of the Emperor of Byzantium, the potentate of whom one hears much and sees little. The whole play seems merely the gorgeous dream of a poet. The Geoffroy Rudel, a noble French troubadour, who, merely upon the report of her beauty, falls passionately in love with the Princess Melissinde, is charmingly typical of the aspect one would cherish of the period, the seamy side of which was appalling; and not less touching is the friend, Bertrand d'Allamanon, who, when as fiercely in love with her, after vision and even touch of her, remains staunch to his dying friend. Unfortunately, such dreams detest the bounds and limits of the stage; and, for pleasure in them, one needs the comfortable seat, the finely printed book, and all the aid of imagination unassisted, unimpeded by actual sight.

It is possible to suggest that the presence of Signora Duse in the stage-box had an evil influence upon the acting of Madame Bernhardt. So keenly have the critics pitted the great actresses against one another that they must be more than mortal if they have not a sharp feeling of rivalry. Now the Princess Melissinde is a part in which even the champions of the Italian could hardly pretend that she would hold her own, and the main reason why she could not would be the question of voice, for she has not at her command anything like the music in speech for which the French actress is famous. Naturally, then, in the presence of Signora Duse, the "divine Sarah" was tempted to display the celebrated *voix d'or* to its fullest capacity, and, unfortunately, she over-took the advantage. So persistently did she coo, murmur, sing, sigh, and softly breathe the verse that, after a time, I had too much of the voice of gold, and grew a leaning towards the heresy of bimetallism in the matter of voices.

Certainly, as the Princess of Tripoli, though she had some notable moments of passion, Madame Bernhardt was not at her best; no doubt she did more than any other could have done with the heavy part, but, on the whole, she was disappointing. M. de Max, an actor curiously unequal in his work, was picturesque and poetic as Geoffroy Rudel, though at times, as usual, he was somewhat too explosive. As Bertrand, the faithful tempted friend, M. Guityry was hardly at his best, and I am disposed to think that M. Albert Darmont would have been more successful in the part. There was a time when the mounting of the pieces produced by Madame Bernhardt was far from brilliant, but all that has been changed, and in "La Princesse Lointaine" the eye was delighted by a series of really beautiful stage pictures that almost compensated for the dulness of the play.

It is hard to conceive what induced the author or authoress of "A Modern Hypatia" to choose such a title. What conceivable resemblance can there be between the unhappy virgin of Alexandria who was scraped to death by wild monks with oyster-shells, and the middle-aged matron who made herself champion of her sex and stump-orator under the name

of Marcia Royal? By-the-bye, I wonder whether the tale or legend of Hypatia and the monks led to Sydney Smith's joke about being preached to death by wild curates? Really, the trial *matinées* of pieces by unknown authors are curiously interesting. In the case of "A Modern Hypatia," it may be said that, during two-thirds of the first act, the critics were unable to determine whether it was a curious, audaciously unconventional play ill-acted, or merely a piece utterly crude, barren of merit. Unfortunately, when the first curtain fell, there was no room for doubt, and though they stayed on in hope of better things, or of the strange humours that enliven inept pieces, all the professional play-tasters felt that the unnamed author had been wise in choosing anonymity.

The revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," *vice* "The Triumph of the Philistines"—which was a triumph only in name—shows the play practically in a new setting. The changes in the cast are pretty numerous, and, on the whole, they are very satisfactory. It is not quite easy to accept Miss Evelyn Millard as a successor to Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Campbell's was an incarnation, not an acting, of the part of Mrs. Tanqueray, and that constitutes the difference between her work and that of Miss Millard. Miss Millard doesn't thrill me, and I, for one, wonder how Tanqueray was ever constrained into

marrying a woman of the type she portrays. This may be a personal feeling, for it has to be recorded that Miss Millard was very enthusiastically received when the play was revived on Thursday. A great improvement has been effected in the part of Ardale, now played by Mr. Herbert Waring, although I have an ideal of more convincing acting still. Lady Monekton gives a clear-cut portrait of Mrs. Cortelyon, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who succeeds Miss Millett as Tanqueray's daughter, frees the last act of that touch of tedium which used to infect it. Mr. H. V. Esmond irritates me as Drummle, with his too great readiness to get a laugh at every point. Lastly, Mr. Allan Aynesworth succeeds Mr. Vane-Tempest as Sir George Orreyed, and acts admirably, though he doesn't look the part so well as his predecessor. Judged from the first (revival) night reception, the play has not lost its power to thrill.

Since his return from his transatlantic trip with Mr. Tree's company, that incomparable stage hero of romance, Mr. Henry Neville, has been playing down at Brighton in his famous old part of poor Bob Brierly in "The Ticket of Leave Man," and this week is announced to appear at Mr. Andrew Melville's big Shoreditch theatre, the Standard, as Tom Robinson in Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend."

Mrs. John Drew, the well-known American actress, deserves certainly to be bracketed with our own dearly beloved and honoured Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling. Although she is

seventy-six, she is even now blithe and merry, and, as an actress, is far superior in many respects to some of the young people with whom she performs.

I understand that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will produce at the Lyceum in the autumn Mr. Hardy's drama, founded on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play Tess, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson Angel Clare.

A LADY AS ROMEO.

It is not often that Romeo is entrusted to the tender graces of a lady, but Signorina Alessandra A. Hora has had that distinction. Of Spanish descent, she was born in London twenty-five years ago. For four years she studied at the Royal Academy of Music, during which she won the bronze and silver medals, and certificate of merit (highest award) for singing; also the bronze medal for elocution (Sir Henry Irving examining) in competition against the whole of the students of the Academy. She continued her studies for six years under Tosti, Arditi, and Bassi, and made her debut in South America under the bâton of Signor Marino Mancinelli (the brother of the principal conductor at Covent Garden Theatre). She has a repertoire of over forty grand operas and twenty oratorios, singing equally well in Italian, Spanish, or English. She possesses a powerful contralto of considerable range and great purity of tone. Signorina Hora studied the part of Romeo (Bellini) at the special request and under the superintendence of Signor Marino Mancinelli.



MADAME BERNHARDT AS THE PRINCESSE LOINTAINE.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



SIGNORINA ALEXANDRA HORA AS ROMEO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A GENEROUS ADVENTURER.*

The dominating note of Mr. William Le Queux's hero is generosity. There never was a man who enjoyed so unique an experience. I can quite imagine the ashes of Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" coming together again from the fires of death to protest against Cecil Holcombe's



MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

performance. It is true that "She" could kill a gentleman by smiling upon him—but this was mere child's-play side by side with Cecil Holcombe's achievements. Here is a young fellow doomed to wander with the Arabs of the desert, and to find himself, almost in the first chapter, tied up with a snake for a bed-fellow. And then what should happen but that there should come, out of the darkness of the Sahara, a nymph of the sand, a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who is so used to snakes that she frequents a room full of them, and tosses them up like coins. Here we begin to experience Cecil Holcombe's generosity—to crave for an hour in the desert by ourselves, on the off-chance that Zoraida has a sister. It is even possible that we might find ourselves in Algiers as Cecil Holcombe did, with a chattering hag to bring us a rendezvous; and that we might enjoy there the society of the huge negro who guards the portals of the harem, to say nothing of the lady who is thus guarded. The book prompts the thought.

If Mr. William Le Queux's hero is generous, the author himself is more so. He paints his scenes with dreadful luxuriance. There is one strong piece of writing in which he kills for us some hundreds of the pearls of a harem. So dreadful is the slaughter that we fear almost to read—fear to learn that another of those divine creatures, with the rippling hair and the deliciously white skin, has gone to her doom. But Mr. Le Queux knows not mercy. Does he destroy a hundred pearls—hey, presto! he can supply us with a hundred more. It would surprise no one, after reading his romance, if Messrs. Cook and Son promoted a cheap conducted tour to Agadez. There must be some of those pearls left. It is depressing to think that all are slaughtered, that the scimitar of the huge negro is at length resting.

To tell the story of "Zoraida" is no easy task. A single perusal of it leaves the reader with impressions, and nothing more than impressions. The scene is ever-varying; it is not always new. In the beginning, we find a young Englishman cut adrift in the desert, and rescued by the bewitching Zoraida. He goes to Algiers, and the lady treats him there to a pretty effort in jugglery. She conjures up a dead marabout, and the dead marabout does things. Cecil Holcombe himself is somewhat a sceptic. "Is he really dead?" he asks; but the question

is an insult. Zoraida prods the elderly gentleman several times with a knife, and explains that there is no deception. She can deceive him no longer; it really is a corpse. And this corpse is a good fellow. When the lady has told him that she is in peril, he consents to reveal his secrets in a room full of hissing asps. The fact that a knife has been stuck into him does not cool his friendship. He is willing to let bygones be bygones, and he reveals to Cecil Holcombe, whose hair is lifted off his head "like corn lifts when the wind drops," those mysteries which will save the gentle Zoraida. He gives him, moreover, the Crescent of the Golden Wonders—a piece of metal looking for all the world like a key-label. Cecil Holcombe is to treasure this as he would his own life, and is to march thousands of miles across the desert to Agadez, where the remaining mysteries will be revealed to him. The young man does not decline the trip—and so the story opens.

From this point wonders march apace. As Cecil is at breakfast on the morning following the first appearance of the marabout, a small wooden box, sealed with black wax, is delivered to him. It contains the pretty present of one hand, a white and bloodless hand, neatly done up in brown paper. This is upsetting, it must be admitted, but Cecil Holcombe is not the man to be turned from his purpose by one hand enclosed in a handbox. The memory of the luscious Zoraida nerves him. He will to Agadez, and the hand shall go with his luggage. He has no doubt that it is the hand of his beloved, but he loves her still—at least, as much of her as is left. Yet doubts trouble him, and he fears that she may be dead.

Once embarked upon the venture, Mr. Le Queux carries us quickly to the crisis of it. Cecil Holcombe, needless to state, loses the metal key-label, the Crescent of the Golden Wonders. He also loses the neatly packed hand; and, as there is no Scotland Yard in the Sahara, he cannot indict a cabman. But he worries himself about it, nevertheless; and his perturbation is the greater when he falls into the hands of the mighty Sultan Hamed, and is sold to slavery. It is at this point that Mr. Le Queux's book becomes really exciting. His previous pages are often tedious, often absurd; but when he begins to tell us of life in the harem, and of his hero's escape from the palace after tremendous adventures in the sacred courts of the women, we are properly thrilled and carried swiftly upon the stream of words. The pity of it is that this excitement has no long endurance. Directly Mr. Le Queux leaves the pearls behind him, the book flags and interest runs to seed, even when the hero is about to solve the mystery of the key-label and of the beautiful Zoraida. What that mystery is, nothing will tempt me to tell. Suffice it to say that, after many wanderings, after an extraordinary experience in a cellar full of dead men, after fights and groans, gasps and sighs, the hero puts the key-label on his head, and finds that it is more trying than any silk hat, since he cannot get it off again. But, in that moment, visions are given to him, and Zoraida is saved.

It is a strange book, full of the suggestions of strong ideas not always developed, of an imagination rarely curbed or trained. Some day, when Mr. Le Queux puts the brake on and makes an effort to write more careful English, he may give us a good romance. He has an eye for the picturesque, and a certain dramatic faculty which he should cultivate. But he must cultivate it for the seeds of common probability.

MAX FEMBERTON.

BALLAD OF THE BUCKET AND THE SPADE.

There are niggers on the sands,
Punch and Judys, German bands,
There are beauties on the giddy sea-parade;
But there's none, it seems to me,
Half so happy by the sea,
As the maiden with the bucket and the spade.
She can build such lovely forts,
With their battlements and ports,
Though you never hear a roaring cannonade;
And an engineer might flout
At the moats round each redoubt,
But they're marvels for a bucket and a spade.
She makes harbours, piers, and docks,
And canals with tiny locks—
Where a ship could never venture, I'm afraid;
And embankments, streets and towers,
Will engross the maid for hours,
For she glories in her bucket and her spade.
What she raises up by day
In the night is swept away,
Yet the busy builder never is dismayed;
On the morrow, as before,
You will find her on the shore,
Quite happy with her bucket and her spade.
She may weary of her hoop
And the noisy nigger troupe,
Her pleasure in her picture-books may fade;
But she's happy all day long
As she hums the little song
Of the ballad of the bucket and the spade.

J. M. BULLOCH.

* "Zoraida. A Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara." By William Le Queux. London: Tower Publishing Company, Limited.



THE MAIDEN WITH THE BUCKET AND THE SPADE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. JOHNSTONE, O'SHANNESY, AND CO., LTD., MELBOURNE.

HEROES OF THE CRICKET FIELD.



LOCKWOOD.

HURLINGHAM.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Nowhere is a more picturesque gathering of beautiful women and handsome men to be seen than at Hurlingham on a fine afternoon during the London season. Americans visiting England often declare that the most exquisitely dressed people in the world are to be "observed in your Rotten Row." In saying this they are right, but the assemblage in the



THE CLUB-HOUSE, FROM THE RIVER.

Row is often a mixed one and scattered far and wide. The same may be said of the annual reunion at Ascot, and, to a certain extent, the remark applies to the fashionable crowd that every year we see smiling and chatting upon the lawn at Goodwood—a sad sign that another brilliant London season is over. At Hurlingham, however, we see "polite society," as the old writers called it, not only at its best, but gathered together within a comparatively small space.

The Hurlingham Club has now been in existence exactly twenty-seven years, and from the time when it was first started it has proved a complete success. Formerly the home of the Horsley Palmer family and of Lord Egremont, in the year 1867 the property was leased by Mr. Naylor to Mr. Frank Heathcote, who started the club for pigeon-shooting. The sport then became very fashionable, and until about 1874 it continued to flourish. In that year the club bought the property outright from Mr. Naylor, and the polo-ground was then laid down,

came into vogue. After polo had been regularly played there for only a few months, the number of applicants for membership began to increase by leaps and bounds. And whereas polo thus helped to spread the popularity of the club, Hurlingham, on the other hand, indirectly increased the popularity of polo, the game having attracted but little attention until it was played there. Soon afterwards nearly all the military officers joined the newly formed club, whereupon civilians, too, came flocking in—as many, at least, as were admitted, for the club was then, as it is now, a very select one, so much so that a few years after it had been started the



THE AVENUE.

difficulty to become a member was even greater than at present. It is to this exclusiveness, indeed, and to the admirable way in which the club has always been managed, that Hurlingham of to-day, in a great measure, owes its enormous success.

With regard to the actual property, it consists of Hurlingham House, built about two hundred years ago, where members and their friends may have luncheon and dine, the polo-pavilion, the polo-ground (290 yards in length and 195 yards in width), stabling for seventy-five polo-ponies, general stabling, the pigeon-shooting pavilion, the pigeon-shooting enclosure (125 yards by 118), excellent tennis-courts, an ornamental lake, covering between three and four acres, and well-kept flower-gardens. A new entrance is now being made, distant about two hundred yards from Putney Bridge Station. The grounds extend over fifty acres, of which the polo-ground claims twelve, and the property is skirted upon the south by the River Thames. A second polo-ground, of



THE LAKE.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

under the auspices of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Colonel Dudley Carleton (now Lord Dorchester), Lord Amherst, and others, and under the direct supervision of Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson, who had been manager since 1870. The first game of polo was played on Saturday, June 6, 1874, before the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

Though at first the club was intended to be used chiefly for pigeon-shooting purposes, owing to the Hornsey Wood Club and the Battersea "Red House" Club having been closed, other kinds of amusement soon

similar size, was laid out last winter, and will, it is hoped, be ready for play during the current season. Indeed, polo now attracts considerably more attention at Hurlingham than pigeon-shooting ever attracted, even in the days when the latter sport flourished all over England and was patronised by the Prince of Wales; and no game but polo—golf perhaps excepted—seems so steadily to have increased in popularity throughout the country during the last few years. Nearly everybody who goes to Hurlingham during the summer now goes there in order either to watch the polo or to meet friends and listen to the military

bands which play in the grounds several times a week while the season lasts. Music is also played on several evenings in each week. Last season the Vienna Orchestra (Gottlieb), Scandinavian Orchestra, Fin de Siècle Orchestra (Tender), Blue Hungarian Band (Ashton's), Tyrolean Singers, Viennese Duetists, Scandinavian Quartette, and Blue Hungarian Quartette were frequently in attendance, and also many vocalists. The first week in May marks the opening of the summer season. This season ends on the Monday in Goodwood week. Last winter the club was open for golf, and the committee have now some idea of introducing football when the summer season is over. At present the club has fifteen hundred members, and between three and four hundred candidates are awaiting election; but it is almost impossible to be elected within three or four years after the time of application. Owing to the steadily increasing number of candidates for membership, the committee have just decided to extend the number of members from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred, to which latter number the maximum is henceforth to be limited. The average attendance on match-days varies greatly, but in fine weather it is seldom less than five thousand, and often exceeds six thousand, especially when royalty is expected. Three hundred people may have luncheon or dine there at one time, and, between five and six o'clock, tea is sometimes supplied to over two thousand persons. There are fifty-nine general rules, framed entirely for the convenience of members and their friends. Each member has two free vouchers for ladies, and ordinary vouchers for gentlemen, and, according to the ninth rule, "No person shall be eligible for admission who is not received in general society. . . . Any member giving an admission to any person not eligible as above, shall be liable to have his name removed by the committee from the list of members of the club." Admission is granted by voucher only, and the charge varies from five shillings to ten shillings and upwards, according to the day. Members elected subsequently to May 15, 1882, pay an entrance-fee of fifteen guineas and an annual subscription of five guineas.

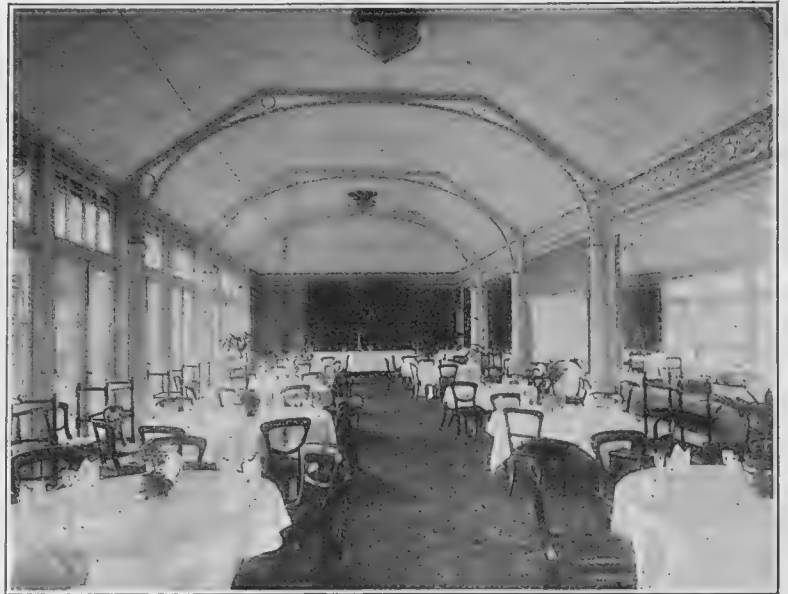
To enter here into the rules of polo is needless. It is sufficient to say that at Hurlingham, and, indeed, everywhere in England where the game is played, faster and bigger ponies are employed than abroad. The Persians, among whom polo is supposed to have had its origin, played the game on very small and comparatively slow ponies. At Hurlingham the standard height is fourteen hands, and nearly all the ponies are miniature thoroughbreds, bred entirely for pace. Owing to so many heavy men having taken to playing polo during the last few years, the standard height of polo-ponies is likely to be raised shortly. Most of the best players in Great Britain and Ireland have played at Hurlingham at one time



THE SMOKING LOUNGE.

or another, as, in like manner, the best pigeon-shots in the world, men of every nationality, may be seen facing the traps in the enclosure during the annual International shooting meeting, which takes place in June. The Prince of Wales honours the club by being its president. Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson is still manager. Upon the death of the secretary, Mr. A. Wiss, in 1874, Mr. J. K. Hurrell succeeded him; and

has ably held this very onerous post ever since. In the same year Captain Walter Smythe accepted the post of polo secretary. This post he still retains, and it would indeed be hard to find anyone better qualified



THE DINING-ROOM, FROM THE CONSERVATORY.

to hold a position involving so vast an amount of responsibility. To these three gentlemen the writer tenders his thanks for much useful information concerning the club. B. T.

THE TIRED MARQUIS.

(A Study in Emancipation.)

There was a merry Marquis once, who tired of London town,
And longed to lead a lambkin's life upon some lazy down;
"Quite bored" by Courts (he'd tried *all* sorts!) and sick of cigarettes.
He sighed for those Arcadian Vales where there are no more debts!
So, mounting on his Arab steed, he rode from Belgrave Square,
On, on, and on, until he reached—well, "Miles from Ev'rywhere";
And there adown a shady lane he spied a milking-maid
A-crying for a brindled cow that from the pail had strayed.
"Sweet Mistress, dry that pretty eye, and list a pilgrim's vow;
A Marquis is far better biz than any brindled cow.
One who hath been a libertine doth seek the quiet life;
I long to be a shepherd: will you be a shepherd's wife?"

Sing hey nonny nonny;
Sing hey for pastures new,
For a milkmaid—oh, so bonny!—
And a tired Marquis too.

No trouble has been ta'en to find the poor lost cow that strayed,
But Ned (the Marquis) now is wed to Moll the milking-maid;
A wallet is his dressing-bag, his mirror is the brook,
And cummerbund and wangee now are changed for plaid and crook;
The finest fizz, he'll tell you, is a mug of Molly's milk;
Her home-made gown of russet-brown is far more *chic* than silk!
But when the cows have all been milked, the lambkins laid to rest,
Then comes the bit of all the day that Molly loves the best;
For when they nestle by the fire he tells her fairy tales
Of swagger deeds in Swelldom, when he knew the Prince of Wales!
And tho' Moll proves a model of a *most* domestic wife
She often marvels how a *man* could tire of London life.

Sing hey nonny nonny,
Sing hey for pastures new,
When a milkmaid—oh, so bonny!—
Has been told a thing or two.

"Ah! dites-nous, done, le dénouement?" Dear ladies, do not ask!
The curtain fell! but how, to tell is not a grateful task.
Some demon drew a railway through that Undiscovered Plain,
And the first and only passenger to risk the first up-train
Was a sick and tired Arcadian who did sigh for London life,
"Quite bored" by being petted for a simple country wife:
She'd learnt that fizz was better biz than milk—or even tea!
She'd found more modern ways to "lie" than—"neath the green-wood tree."

And the shepherd sits a-wond'ring when the down-train will arrive,
For she *said* she would be "home to tea," and oh!—it's *long past five*!
And I've heard she's joined the Latch-Key, where her talk is Awful Grand,
And there's not a more "revolted" little "daughter" in the land!

Sing hey nonny nonny,
Sing hey for pastures new,
When a milkmaid—oh, so bonny!—
From her lord's life takes her cue.

MARK AMBIENT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

UP TO DATE.

BY DOROTHY LOWNDES.

The butler had just announced "Mr. Hervey," and then retired with courteous resentment of having been called up to admit so frequent a visitor. Dulcie threw down her book, and came forward to meet him before he could cross the room.

"Why, Dal, this is fortunate! I was dying for someone to talk to," she said. "Take that chair there. Take care! don't sit on 'Dodo.' I have thrown it down."

"Are you all alone, Dulcie?" he asked, as he seated himself.

"That's a superfluous question, as I had the room to myself when you came in. By the way, I believe Holmes takes it as a personal affront that you haven't a latch-key. It's a pity you haven't, Dal; it would save him a good deal of trouble."

"Where are the Major and your mother to-night?" Hervey asked. He smiled a little under his soft moustache. Dallas had a way of smiling peculiarly his own; it was a gracious acknowledgment of the world's efforts to amuse him throughout his existence.

"They have gone to a conversational dinner-party—the sort of thing where everyone tries to be very witty and brilliant, and ignores the food. I like to enjoy my meals if I do go out to them."

"You are a little *gourmande*, Dulcie! What a pretty gown that is!"

"Yes, I always put on my sweetest frocks when I am alone. I take more pleasure in myself in a becoming costume than the outside world could possibly do. To-night you have the benefit of it too. Tell me things, Dal! Haven't you anything to say?"

"Yes, I have some rather large news for you."

"I hope you are not going to be married," responded Dulcie anxiously. "I have had your undivided attention for so long that I should miss you horribly. And, though I never wished to marry you myself, I don't wish you to marry anyone else."

"No, that is not my news," he said slowly, "though, I suppose, it soon may be. I have had a fortune left me, Dulcie."

"Really? Oh, how jolly! It must be such a bore to be poor—only you never were poor, were you?"

"No—I was rich enough to be uncomfortable. I now hope that I have exceeded the discomforts, and can afford to amuse myself. You don't know what moderate means are, being a lucky little girl, and one of fortune's favourites."

"No; lack of money is not one of my failings. But, what are you going to do with it, Dal? Have you any views? Parliament?"

"It depends on whom I marry. I always knew that my wife would influence my pursuits more than I should myself. I don't see why I should not buy Frogmorten's place, Dulcie—it is in the market."

"Is it? Well, do—if it has taken your fancy. The great thing in life is to indulge your possible fancies, and then see what your tastes will make of your existence. It leaves you irresponsible. Dal!" she suddenly sprang to her feet, "take me out somewhere; it is so dull staying in all the evening, and I feel as if I could discuss your affairs better with you out of the house."

"Very well," he replied amicably; "go and put on a cloak or something. Shall we try the Exhibition?"

"Yes—let's! There is something so ordinary and yet so free about an exhibition. We will fancy that we are people out of shops, or ill-paid geniuses—it's so nice to fancy that when you know you're rich."

She came back in a few minutes, wrapped in a soft grey cloak, and with the smallest of bonnets throned among her hair.

"Jeannette is downstairs somewhere," she said, surveying herself in the glass, "so I dressed myself for once. How do I look, Dal? I haven't changed my frock because it's so hot to-night."

"Very charming!" Hervey replied, smiling at her in the glass as he stood behind her. He looked well in evening-dress. Dulcie nodded at him.

"Yes, you are very presentable," she said. "It is quite a Mutual Admiration Society. How shall we go, Dal? Hansom?"

"Of course."

"I suppose," Dulcie said, as they bowed easily down to South Kensington, "that we are doing something almost questionable?"

"If you have an up-to-date friendship with anyone," said Hervey, knocking the ash off his cigar against the side of the cab, "it is better to be harmonious and do up-to-date things. We are quite correct—as far as the end of the nineteenth century goes."

"I wonder," said Dulcie dreamily, as they strolled along under the trees, "if there is anything in heaven or earth that we have not discussed freely together?"

"Very little, I believe," said Hervey. As he spoke he lifted his hat to a man who passed them slowly. "That fellow wants to look at you, Dulcie; he is slackening speed."

"Let him, then," Miss Seymour replied charitably; "you can light another cigar, and I will stand still as if for that. What a comfort it is to have someone to talk to who understands. Dal, do you remember when we were talking about heredity, and old Mrs. Gray overheard just one little sentence, and she sent me a card of admission to the meeting of the Society for Improved Moral Tone?"

"Yes; she also sent you a pamphlet, asking you to subscribe. She

evidently thought it would be a practical way of proving your conversion. Dulcie, you must see this new play at the Haymarket—can't we get it in next week?"

"Hush!" said Dulcie. "I want to hear this waltz."

A rapt look came into her face; the fairy-like gardens vanished from her gaze, and, in Dallas Hervey's place, there was another man, in whose eyes the first look of interest was growing to a deeper, warmer feeling.

"I shall always associate this waltz with you," he had said. Hervey would not have made such a commonplace speech, but Lord Singleton took life too devoutly to see any humour in superfluous assertions.

"It is still early," Dallas said, when they left the gardens. "Where next?"

Dulcie laughed. "You are in a delightful mood to-night, Dal! I feel wicked—are the music-halls open still?"

"Yes—but—ever been there?"

"Never, oddly enough. Lots of girls I know have. Take me."

"It's vulgar, you know," he suggested, raising his brows. "Mind?"

"No—all the better! Oh, how pretty Piccadilly looks to-night! I wish this would go on for ever. No, I don't—but I wish—I wish—"

She hesitated. It is difficult to tell even the friend with whom you are most candid that you would prefer him to be someone else.

When they left the hall they had supper at a "late" restaurant, and the clocks struck two as Hervey once more hailed a hansom.

"It has been a glorious time," Dulcie said with a sigh of content. "How late we are—or rather, how early! It will be dawn soon."

"Wrap your cloak round, Dulcie," Hervey said anxiously; "it grows cold in the dawn."

"I'm all right," she answered carelessly. "Here we are."

The house had a strange, unreal aspect in the growing light. A chill breath of wind lifted Dulcie's hair as she stood on the steps. Dallas lit another cigar, and the smoke rose in clear blue rings.

"I like to see you smoke," Dulcie said; "there is such a refinement of luxury in it." Suddenly she paused and turned to him quickly, "Dal, I have forgotten to take a latch-key," she said.

"How like you!" was Hervey's amused response. The humour of the situation struck them both, and Dulcie laughed—a little ripple of merriment, with a lower accompaniment in Hervey's voice.

"But I must make them hear," she said, still laughing, and rang the bell.

"I am so glad I found you alone last night," Dallas said thoughtfully. "At least, you know as much of my affairs as I do now. We never come to any conclusion, and yet, after talking to you, things shape themselves. You are better than a fellow to talk to, because you allow me to develop myself as I go on, and don't intrude your own views until I ask for them. What's the matter, Dulcie? Ring again."

"I'm thinking," the girl said, knitting her brows. "The bell rings into the kitchen which runs back from the house—it is built out—they cannot possibly hear!"

"But someone must be sitting up for you?"

"Why should they? It is about half-past two—mother and dad would get in before one. No one heard me go out—or, if they did, they probably thought it was you."

"But your maid?"

"I always ring for her, and she does not come up unless; it is a fad of mine. No, they think I am reposing sweetly in my bed, whereas I am really on the doorstep, and cannot get in! I am very sorry"—with another irrepressible laugh—"but the situation is too funny!"

"Who sleeps on this side of the house?" Dallas asked, with serenity, "because, if I can find a pebble, I am going to disturb them."

"No one! You see, the dining-room and drawing-room are both in the front. Then comes our spare room, and over that is my 'den.' You might break all the windows and do no good. Dal, what am I to do?"

"It was trying of you to forget that key," Dallas said good-humouredly. "I am afraid, Dulcie, that you cannot get in at all. I shall have to take you to someone else's house. Let's see; who has a late affair to-night—or rather, to-day?"

"No one that I can remember. But we might be able to get in somewhere. Only Aunt Meg isn't in town now, so I can't go to her; and how can I go and rout up people who are not relations?"

"How about old Lady Singleton? You know her so well."

"No," Dulcie interposed hastily, "not there! She—she is old-fashioned, you know, Dal. She would not understand your appearing with me at three o'clock in the morning, and the information that I could not get into my own house. It is interesting—and quite up-to-date!—but her sense of the appropriateness of things is limited."

"And Singleton is a greater ass than she," Dallas amended. Dulcie did not reply. "He has out-mothered his mother. There is only one thing for it, Dulcie, I must take you home and put you in the care of my landlady."

He hailed a hansom, and helped her in. "I shall leave you in her hands and go and have a game of billiards at the club—I am a 'Savage,' you know. Dulcie, will the Major and Mrs. Seymour be cross?"

"I can't help it if they are," Dulcie replied frankly. "It was foolish of me to forget the key, but I have so often been out with you before that they cannot quarrel with me on that score."

As Hervey put his own latch-key into the door, Dulcie, standing beside

him on the step, turned round and encountered the full gaze of a gentleman who was passing. He raised his hat, and she bowed hastily, a sudden blush staining her whole face as she met the expression of his eyes. He glanced from her to her companion, and then at the house. The next moment she had followed Dallas into the hall, shivering with a sudden fear.

"My dear Dulcie! what is the matter?"

"Oh, Grace, help me! I am in such trouble!"

It was so unlike Dulcimer to be in trouble, and such evident trouble, too, that her friend stared at her, dismayed. Surely this terrified girl, with the strained, hunted look in her face, was not Dulcie. "Come and sit down, and don't shake like that," Grace said decidedly. "I am glad you have come this afternoon, because I do not think I shall have any other visitors. Dulcie, are you going to be ill?"

"No—Grace, have you heard any stories about me?"

"Plenty," returned Grace calmly, "for you are a daring little mortal, and anyone who sets conventionality aside will be talked about."

"They told me it was all over Town—I am afraid it is," Dulcie said in a low voice. "Grace, I went out alone the other evening with Dallas Hervey."

"Well," Grace said quietly, "that is nothing new. You have been such old and close friends that even Society has acknowledged you a sort of right, like brother and sister."

"Yes—but—we were very late, and we got locked out."

"Oh, Dulcie!" Grace began to look dismayed. Then she drew a sigh of relief. "What a fortunate thing that it was Dallas!" she said. "What did you do?"

"We couldn't get in, try as we might—you know how our house is built. So, he took me to his rooms, and left me with his landlady."

"Why didn't you come to me?" Grace said quickly.

"It was half past two—nearly three. I thought it was better to do as he suggested. He left me with Mrs. Pully, and went to the Savage Club, and I went home as soon as I thought the servants would be up."

"Well," Grace said slowly, "it was very unfortunate; but, really, unless you are foolish enough to let it out, it need not matter. I know Dallas well enough to trust him. It ought to be a lesson to you, Dulcie."

"But, Grace, that's not all. While I was standing on the step beside Dal, Sir James Seaton passed us—and he saw me."

"Oh! Dulcie, not that man!"

"He must have been walking home from his club or some late affair," Dulcie said, speaking in a low, tired voice, as if she hardly knew what she was saying. "He was in evening-dress—I suppose I noticed it mechanically—and he looked at me."

"Does he know that those are Dal's rooms?"

"Yes."

"And—?"

"You know him. It is all over the place."

The two girls looked at each other blankly.

"I forgot," Dulcie said, in the same strained tone; "I had this, this morning, from Dallas—he has evidently heard."

Grace opened the paper silently, and read it. "What a nice letter!" she said involuntarily. "Dear Dulcie, don't look so—heart-broken. It is not so awful, after all. Indeed, I think you are very lucky."

Dulcie pushed away her friend's arms, and rose unsteadily.

"You don't understand," she said huskily. "I cannot marry him."

"Dulcie, you *must*! Don't be ridiculous. It is the best thing that could happen—the only thing, indeed. And I believe he is speaking the truth. He really cares for you, and you like him so much."

"Yes—oh, yes. It isn't that." She turned away. "There is someone else," she said with a catch in her breath.

There was a little silence.

"And this other man?" said Grace ironically. "Is he another Dallas Hervey? Has he stood loyally to you in your need? Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No—he would not—now. And yet I cannot marry Dal."

"If it is the man I guess," Grace said quietly, "he will never ask you that under the circumstances. He has not the generosity, and the only way of reinstating yourself in his esteem is by marrying Dallas."

"I know it, and yet I cannot marry Dal." She turned her head about restlessly, as if in pain.

Grace sighed impatiently. "Oh, Dulcie," she said, "don't you see that you *must*?"

But, before Dulcie could reply, the door was opened rather suddenly to admit a gentleman.

"Lord Singleton," the servant announced.

Grace rose and came forward. She had a vague hope of giving Dulcie a minute to gain her breath. "I am so glad to see you!" she said deliberately. She did not look behind, but she saw in his eyes the reflection of Dulcie's presence and its effect upon him. Instead of coming forward, he stood still, and his face became like a mask of good-breeding. Then Grace heard Dulcie's voice sounding quite naturally beside her.

"I must be going, Grace," it said; "but you have not congratulated me yet!"

"No, but I do, most heartily!"

"And you, Lord Singleton—will you not congratulate me? I am going to be married."

"May I ask to whom it is?" he said gravely; but he was looking at her now, and relief and pain were struggling in his face, instead of the blank non-recognition.

"Dallas Hervey," she answered gently.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There is no doubt that the "Monstrous Regiment of Women" dreaded by John Knox is come upon us, in the philanthropic world. The Temperance Women (not always Temperate Women) are in our pulpits, on our platforms, on committees, and on the rampage. Not that anybody need specially object to their presence. If we could substitute young, fluent, and attractive females for many of the callow curates and half-fledged ministers that keep us out of churches and chapels, or weary us within them, the gain would be great.

But it is time, for all those who wish women well, to point out to them that, though their claim of equal rights in literature, philanthropy, agitation, and other respects, may not be resisted, yet it must have certain consequences. Hitherto they have not, indeed, had a fair field; but, on the other hand, they *have* had a good deal of favour. They have been accorded certain courtesies and indulgences on the frequently false hypothesis that they were incapable of holding their own in free competition. This favour they—or some of them—proudly reject. They will not be allowed any so-called "honorary," but really contemptuous, precedence, but will shove their way through the crowd. Shove, fair creatures, if you will; but we, too, have elbows.

And now that the lady novelists, lady preachers, lady agitators, are admitted as our equals, we shall feel ourselves justified in claiming from them the same standard of accuracy and style, of eloquence and grammar, as we should exact from a man. No more will mere fluency of talk make the oratress, nor a discursive maunder over all creation be hailed as a noble speech; if the novelist is weak on the uses of "like" and "without" and "prefers *than*," she will not escape reprobation—nay, if she quotes Greek, she must put the accents in, or get somebody to do it for her. Hitherto, a command of language—almost any sort of language—has been enough to obtain a vogue for the lady speaker or writer; even a woman of genius like Mrs. Browning was permitted to rhyme quite sixty per cent. worse than would have been tolerated in her husband. A writing or speaking woman was looked upon as so rare a being that any little inaccuracies of matter or solecisms of manner passed unheeded; nor were they lacking—nor, for that matter, are they altogether lacking now.

She breaks Convention's galling links,
And springs to scale the sky;
She reads the riddle of the Sphinx—
And spells her with a *y*!

Therefore, it is with pain that I observe, in the report of the British Women's Temperance Association, that the eloquent Chairwoman, Lady Henry Somerset, could not rise to the conception of the female position. According to the journals, she discoursed on the American Women's Whisky War, Local Veto, Opium, Parish Councils, Prison Reform, Policewomen, Board School Religion, Woman's Ballot, the Sex Novel, the Armenian Question, Lynch Law, Cycling, and Public Amusements. How delightfully feminine, as women used to be; how discursively useless, as women are now—or are supposed to be! What, in the name of relevance, has Armenia to do with Temperance? Your Turk is a rigid teetotaler; it is not of him that we can say that ninety-nine per cent. of his crime is due to Drink. But the oratress simply could not keep the Turk's head out of her discourse. Now, if Local Veto and Parish Councils had formed the staple of discussion, some profitable result might have been reached. When will the ladies learn to broaden their minds while they narrow their field of action? Might they not take a lesson from the wicked "moderate drinker," and learn that it is not well to mix liquors? And the oration, as reported, must have been a veritable Russian punch of a speech.

There is another feminine reformer who has distressed and perplexed me greatly of late—a certain lady who writes for that soft-hearted, and occasionally soft-headed, journal, the *Echo*. It is not the writer's remarks that puzzle me; they are, indeed, old and familiar; no, it is the way she states her own name. Our social defects are pointed out by "Lady Cook, *née* Tennessee Claffin." Now, the change of name from Claffin to Cook is intelligible, and even meritorious. Cook is not too musical, but it is Chopin to Claffin. But why and how can anybody have been *née* Tennessee, which is, I suppose, a *Christian* name?

There's nothing very bafflin' in your being born a Claffin
(Though why you care to state it is a mystery to me)
But tell me, gentle lady, if the question isn't shady,
However *did* you manage to be *born* a Tennessee?

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE MISSING WORD.—WALTER C. HORSLEY.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, MR. JOHN LOMAX, MANCHESTER.

ART NOTES.

Mr. John Varley, the reproductions of whose pictures we give on the opposite page, is one of our leading water-colourists, a Londoner, and the son of Albert Fleetwood Varley. His grandfather, John Varley, was the founder of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and he is a grand-nephew of Mulready, Copley Fielding, and M. Clement, the well-known musician. He was born in London in 1850, and his inherited talents



MR. JOHN VARLEY.
Photo by Welch, Poole.

developed while still very young, and even now some of his most youthful efforts are treasures in the family archives. He has studied chiefly under his father, though he spent some time at the South Kensington School of Art, as well as in Paris, where he was a pupil of M. Justin Marie Lequin. Though snowy-headed, Mr. Varley carries his forty-odd summers lightly, and is as bright and active as a boy, and as truly artistic in temperament as in appearance. He has been a great traveller, and his many series of pictures of the East will be still fresh in the minds of all art lovers, though his present exhibition does not take us out of Europe. Mr. Varley is decidedly anti-impressionist in his style, and, always choosing pleasant subjects of general interest, soon became as popular as his illustrious ancestors. His methods are direct and simple, and he very wisely avoids the modern, and erstwhile popular, craze for audacities of glaring contrasts, and, where the impressionist may claim attention for the moment, it is refreshing to return to truthful, earnest, and simple reproductions, which will live long after the evanescent fungi.

His present exhibition of "Italian Lakes, French Rivers and Cathedrals," will give pleasure to all who have travelled and can greet as friends the fanes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, towering high above their surroundings of narrow, crowded streets, or else seen with a foreground of smiling green pastures. In his Italian Lakes he is even happier, and gives us mid-winter aspects that we do not usually associate with that sunny land, though the next minute we turn to a scene in the full blaze of a spring or summer day. "A Winter Sunset, Locarno," and another snow-scene, "Part of Pallanza, Lago Maggiore," are the gems of the collection. If the "habit oft proclaims the man," so the method the life of the artist; and Mr. Varley leads an ideally simple life, always in the midst of lovely scenery, which he never tires of transferring to paper, whether it be for his own pleasure or for future use. He is modest, and almost childishly delighted with the



AN ARAB CAFÉ IN THE SLUMS OF CAIRO.—MRS. MURRAY COOKESLEY.
Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

praise and appreciation of his work, and ever ready to sketch a "favourite bit" for a friend. He is now to be found almost daily rambling round the outskirts of the New Forest or along the lovely coast-lines of Hampshire and Dorset, for he is living in one of the prettiest houses on the Wimborne Road, between Bournemouth and Poole.

The famous collection of pictures which belonged to the late Mr. James Price, and which came under the hammer a few days ago at Christie's, occasioned, in the buying and selling world of art, a reasonable

and deserved sensation. There were something more than ninety pictures in the whole collection, and all were in the most admirable state of preservation. Hogarth's "Peg Woffington" was bought by Mr. Agnew for the sum of 600 guineas. But it was the Turners—and very admirable Turners they were—which fetched the longest prices.

"A Dream of Italy," for example, was sold for 1250 guineas, and "Going to the Ball: San Martino, Venice," which seventeen years ago went for 1260 guineas, was bought by Mr. Agnew for 2800 guineas. "Mortlake: a View looking down the Thames from the Garden of a House," was bought by the same gentleman for 5200 guineas, who paid also for "Helvoetsluys," exhibited over sixty years ago at the Academy, no less a sum than 6400 guineas. It may be mentioned that thirty years ago this picture secured the price of 1680 guineas. "The Val d'Aosta," which in 1878 realised £955, was also bought by Mr. Agnew for—1000 guineas. We believe, however, that a Gainsborough carried off the highest number of guineas at this sale. The portrait of Lady Mulgrave, which is reckoned as the perfect flower of this master's art, was bought by Mr. Campbell for the sum of 10,000 guineas. Mr. Price had himself been offered 7000 guineas for it five years ago. It may, in conclusion, be noticed that the day's sale brought a total of £87,143 15s., of which Mr. Agnew's bill amounted to over £60,000.

Mr. Raven Hill's exhibition of original drawings and sketches at the Carlton Gallery, Pall Mall, S.W., is one which everybody who delights in the humour of black-and-white should not fail to visit. Mr. Raven Hill



A DUTCH DOLL'S HOUSE.—L. RAVEN HILL.
Exhibited at the Carlton Gallery, Pall Mall.

is certainly not so gifted with the sense of essentials as Mr. Phil May. He reaches his effects through a somewhat greater accumulation of detail; yet, in their own style—and we should not care to see style repeating style in two representatives of the same kind of art—Mr. Raven Hill no less successfully "pulls off" his effects. His humour is a little like that of Charles Keene, and none can have failed to notice that he treats masses and line very much in the manner of Charles Keene. It is inevitable that, in so various an exhibition, some drawings should be more humorous than others. It may freely be said of it, as a whole, that it is a capital collection of drawings, finished with a fine sense of style, and often with irresistible humour.

The National Portrait Gallery is at last about to become a daily fact to be reckoned with as among the sights of London. With much care and trouble, the seven or eight hundred portraits which have been hanging at the Bethnal Green Museum are, even as we write, being removed by the Works Department of the South Kensington Museum to their last long home. There are other portraits at the house in Great George Street, and also at the National Gallery, also being removed to their final resting-place, and it is understood that the whole collection will be very thoroughly overhauled and examined before it is finally exhibited to the public gaze. The whispered word "restoration" has also been heard in the land; but we may trust that, where the works are fine, this will be very judiciously applied. Mr. Haines, who has had large experience in this kind of work, is directing operations.

MR. JOHN VARLEY'S EXHIBITION OF LAKE SCENERY.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE, ABOVE MANTES.



ROUEN, FROM THE SEINE, WITH THE CATHEDRAL.



ST. QUIRICO, LOCARNO, LAKE MAGGIORE.



PART OF THE ISOLA BELLA, FROM STRESSA, LAKE MAGGIORE.



THE LAKE-SIDE, LOCARNO, LAKE MAGGIORE.



TREMEZZO, LAKE OF COMO.



INTRA, FROM THE PARADE-GROUND: WINTER.



CADENABBIA, LAKE OF COMO.

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. GILBERT PORTEOUS AND MISS ETHEL NEILD IN THE PARISIAN QUADRILLE.

THE LYCEUM RECRUITS.

II.—JULIA ARTHUR.

Of the three actresses recently engaged by Mr. Henry Irving, only one, Miss Mary Rorke, is well known to London playgoers. Miss Julia Arthur and Miss Brenda Gibson are new to England. The former comes from America, the latter from Australia. I have already written of the young *ingénue*, Miss Gibson. My present business is with Miss Arthur, who will prove a welcome addition to the Lyceum ranks.



MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS MERCEDES.

She, too, is "full young," as Corporal Gregory Brewster says of Sergeant Archie McDonald, R.A., but she has won admiration throughout the length and breadth of North America—from Canada, where she was born, to New Orleans, from New York to San Francisco. Many people who have not seen her, or have only seen her in parts not best suited to her peculiar temperament, have heard of a remarkable performance which she gave, some two years since, in a one-act play called "Mercedes," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. But she is not by any means a one-part actress; she can play comedy as well as romantic drama, and she has had an experience of the stage unique in one so young. She started her career, at the early age of eleven, as a member of an amateur club in her native city, Hamilton, Ontario. There she appeared as Zamora in "The Honeymoon" and as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." Other parts fell to her share in those tender, embryo years, but her first successes were made in Sheridan Knowles and Shakspeare. It next happened that she read for the German actor, Daniel E. Bandmann, then on one of his American tours, who engaged the would-be actress. She remained with him for three seasons, and, from the age of thirteen to sixteen, played a great number and wonderful variety of parts. Her Shaksperian record for that period is well worth noting. In "Hamlet" she acted the Player Queen, Gertrude, and Ophelia; in "Romeo and Juliet," the Mother, the Nurse, a Page, and Juliet; in "Macbeth," all the Witches, a Lady-in-Waiting, and Lady Macbeth; Nerissa, a Page, and Portia in "The Merchant of Venice"; and, in "Richard III.," the Queen, the Duchess of York, and Lady Anne. In "The Lady of Lyons," she not only played Pauline, but Madame Deschappelles and the Widow Melnotte into the bargain; while in "East Lynne," Lady Isabel, Corney, Joyce, and Barbara all claimed her attention at one time or another. Add to these Maritana in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," Audrey in "As You Like It," Julia in "The Honeymoon," and Emilie de Lesparre in "The Corsican Brothers," and it will be seen that the young actress must have been well grounded in her work. Her great triumph came when she received her first newspaper criticism. This was the result of a performance of Tennyson's *Dora*, the poetical interpretation of the character evoking the enthusiasm of the leading paper of the city. This incident is well remembered, for it brought with it a salary—ten dollars a week—and

Julia Arthur was fairly launched on the world as a professional actress—a Juliet, an Ophelia, and a Portia of sixteen years!

But the hard work did not cease. It continued year after year, the actress thus adding valuable experience to natural and exceptional ability. To enumerate even a quarter of the characters which Miss Arthur has impersonated of late times would require far more space than is at my command; but, as evidence of Miss Arthur's capability and versatility, let me note a few of the plays in which she has taken the leading female rôle. I cull at random the following fourteen pieces: "The Galley Slave," "Called Back," "The Two Orphans," "Woman Against Woman," "Captain Swift," "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Jim the Penman," "The Black Flag," "After Dark," "The Silver King," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Still Alarm," and "Peril." Again, in "Divorce," "The Private Secretary," and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," she has played all the female parts. Her first hit in New York was made at the Union Square Theatre in "The Black Masque"—a weird production, which, however, gave the young actress an opportunity of distinguishing herself. This success was quickly followed by others, until Mr. A. M. Palmer, like the astute manager he is, made Miss Arthur a brilliant offer. Under his management she played Jeanne in "A Village Priest" (called "A Broken Seal" in New York), Letty Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners," and Lady Windermere in "Lady Windermere's Fan," thus gaining further distinction, more especially as Letty Fletcher and as Lady Windermere. Her great triumph, however, came in "Mercedes," which Mr. Palmer produced for her in the spring of 1893. The story of the drama takes place in a village in Spain during the Franco-Spanish war of 1810. It is sombre, but highly dramatic. Two years before the play opens, a young French officer had been nursed back to life by a Spanish maiden. Friendship had developed into love, but the officer was parted from Mercedes without a word of warning, and he has not been able to communicate with her in the meantime. He still loves her passionately, devotedly, and his grief well-nigh overwhelms him when he learns that it is his duty to now march on the village where Mercedes lives, and to massacre its inhabitants without a single exception. All this is well told in a brief scene. The second scene is a stone hut in the village. All the villagers have fled save Mercedes, who remains behind with her child in order to protect an old woman, who crouns in a corner. The soldiers enter and force Mercedes to drink some wine which she well knows to be poisoned, the Spaniards having sought this means of avenging themselves on the French soldiers. Mercedes is also commanded to give



MISS JULIA ARTHUR.

some wine to her child. The infant in the cradle is the first to succumb, then the soldiers, having also drunk, rush out to warn their companions, and Mercedes is on the verge of death when her lover comes in, too late to save her or himself, for he also has drunk of the poisoned wine. The tragedy is sad, but it is brief, and the character of Mercedes is peculiarly suited to the personality of Miss Arthur, who, with her dark, lustrous eyes, her raven-black hair, her musical voice, and her tragic expression, is an ideal heroine of romance.

I am sorry, for her artistic success, that other parts of a like nature could not have been found for Miss Arthur at this period of her career. At any rate, she temporarily left Mr. Palmer for the American Theatre, New York, where, during the eight months' run of the Drury Lane drama, "The Prodigal Daughter," she played Rose Woodmere, a character which does not give much scope for acting. Returning to Mr. Palmer, she acted Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl," Mary Lonsdale in "A Woman's Revenge," Vera in "Moths," and made a hit in the comedy-part of Constance Belmour in "One Touch of Nature." The last character which she played in America was the title-rôle in Messrs. Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett's drama, "Sister Mary." And beautifully did she play it, with tenderness and a rare charm in the love-scenes, and with mingled pathos and power in the highly dramatic third act. Mr. Scott, who only saw Miss Arthur in the part of Rose Woodmere, has praised her more than once in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. I wish he could have seen her as Sister Mary. This was just a year ago. Since then, Miss Arthur has not acted. Sir Augustus Harris, on his first visit to America, in last August, made her an offer to come to London, but she hesitated about accepting a part for a long run. So she came to London on her own account in October. She did not advertise or in any way endeavour to make what Americans call a "splurge." She simply waited, and, while so doing, offers to return to America flowed in. They came from Mr. Charles Frohman and Mr. Daniel Frohman, from Mr. Richard Mansfield, who offered her a long and lucrative engagement, and from Messrs. Rosenfeld, who exploited Eleonora Duse in America. But Miss Arthur wanted a London engagement; and she got it. Mr. George Alexander had been in treaty with her for months. He even got as far as offering her a year's engagement and sending the contract. Simultaneously came a letter from Mr. John Hare, who had Miss Arthur in his mind's eye as successor to Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Agnes Ebb-smith. But Mr. Irving was beforehand, and to the point. He offered Miss Arthur a definite engagement, on liberal terms, for his London season and for his American tour. Miss Arthur is now a member of his company. I have seen it suggested in the American press, untruly and unkindly, that Miss Arthur will be swamped in the Lyceum company. I am positive that nothing of the kind will happen. Miss Arthur is quite young enough to be able to afford the time for added and valuable experience, and she will have good parts in the Lyceum repertoire. Moreover, you cannot submerge temperament, which Miss Arthur possesses in a marked degree, and you cannot drown such fine ability as belongs to this actress. I hope that she will play Marguerite Gautier one of these days. I am convinced that she could act the character perfectly.

A. B.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

Towards dusk on the afternoon of Feb. 7, 1845, one of the most unfortunate—one might almost say tragic—incidents occurred at the British Museum. In one of the rooms devoted to the exhibition of antiquities, a miscreant named William Lloyd, a scene-painter, seized an ancient brick



THE PORTLAND VASE.

Photo by A. Mackie. Published by Clarke and Davies, Museum Street, W.C.

which lay conveniently near, and, aiming it at the Portland Vase, smashed that precious example of ancient art into a hundred pieces. The man was conveyed to Bow Street Police Court, and the utmost punishment the magistrate could inflict—a fine of £3—which was absurdly inadequate to the offence, was paid by some perverse sympathiser. In time, the fragments of the vase were brought together by experts so cleverly that it is only on a close inspection that the joins are visible. The Portland Vase is universally regarded as one of the most beautiful examples of ancient gem-cutting in existence. It was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century, in a tomb under the Monte del Grano, near Rome, enclosed within a marble sarcophagus. The tomb was that of the Emperor Alexander Severus,

and of Julia, his mother. For some time the precious vase was in the possession of the Barberini family. In 1770 it was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, from whom it passed into the possession of the Duchess of Portland. It is still the property of the Portland family, by whose kind permission it is allowed to be exhibited at our National Museum.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

THE PURSE-KEEPER OF NEW ZEALAND.

The New Zealand Treasurer is a busy man (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), yet he readily consented to my request for an interview at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and received me with that heartiness which distinguishes all New Zealanders.

"I understand, Mr. Ward, that you have charge of the portfolios of Colonial Treasurer, Postmaster-General, and Minister of Industries and Commerce in New Zealand, so that you are specially able to describe the present financial, commercial, and social conditions of the colony?"

"Well, on the whole, the financial position is very sound, one proof of which is the fact that the million and a-half loan under the Advances to Settlers Act, which was recently floated at the comparatively low rate of three per cent., was subscribed several times over. The country is rich in natural resources; the exports have increased year by year; the revenue has, for some years past, yielded a large surplus; and settlement is rapidly extending in every direction, and on permanent and prosperous lines. I am of opinion that New Zealand must become one of the chief centres of trade in the Southern Hemisphere."

"It has been stated, in some quarters, that the Socialistic tendency of recent legislation in New Zealand has had the effect of undermining the confidence of capitalists, and restricting the employment of capital in the settlement of the lands and the development of profitable industries."

"Of course, there are two, or more, rival political parties in a young and vigorous country like New Zealand, and the opponents of the Government of the day, both within the Colony and outside, who took a pessimistic view of the numerous legislative reforms and liberal laws passed by the present Ministry, predicted all manner of evils as the result. I am glad to say, however, that they have proved to be false prophets. The scope and volume of legitimate investments in New Zealand have rapidly and steadily increased, and, with ordinary care and precaution, there is no place in the world that offers superior or more permanent advantages to capital and enterprise. As to the social legislation, in many important respects it has been grossly misrepresented, both as regards its aims and actual results. On the whole, its effects have been beneficial in a marked degree; and the class-prejudice with which it was received at its inception in a few quarters is being rapidly overcome and dissipated as the results become apparent."

"May I ask, without any desire to forestall your next Budget statement, what surplus revenue is likely to accrue for the financial year 1894-95?"

"Well, to a certain extent, all that is already common property. In making my last Financial Statement, I estimated the surplus for this year at £350,000, having taken every precaution to guard against a too sanguine view of things. As a matter of fact, the actual surplus of revenue over expenditure for the year amounts to £430,000."

"Are your means of intercommunication good?"

"We have a very fair State railway service, with a few private companies, which traverses the whole of the South Island, and through a great part of the North Island. When the Main Trunk Line shall have been completed through the very extensive tract of territory which has hitherto been known as 'the King Country,' and which has been mostly in a state of nature, there will be practically unbroken communication from one end of the Colony to the other."

"I suppose the greater parts of the lands are adapted for agriculture?"

"Yes, a very large proportion. The whole country is splendidly watered; there is abundance of timber, the soil is wonderfully productive, the scenery beautiful, and the climate well adapted for the Anglo-Saxon race. One great advantage that the Colony enjoys over the Australian continent is that it is free from those periodical and disastrous droughts."

"I understand this is your first visit to England?"

"Yes, but it will always be cherished in my memory as full of pleasant reminiscences. Nothing could have exceeded the extreme kindness and consideration that I have received from all classes of the community."

"When did you assume the keys of the Treasury?"

"After the death of the late Premier, Mr. John Ballance. His mantle really descended upon my honourable colleague, Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand; but I may say that it was, in itself, a political education to those who were so fortunate as to be associated with a man of such sterling probity, patriotic aims, and high-minded ideals."



MR. WARD.

Photo by Robinson and Yates, Auckland.

"THAMES MOUTH."

Photographs by Mr. Alfred J. Padgett.

When the sun shines brightly and the sky is clear blue, there is no prettier angle of this earth than that on the Leigh cliffs (earthern, not



SUNRISE ON THE ESTUARY.

chalk nor stone), which overlook the Thames estuary. The Kentish coast is emerald green, the Channel is sapphire blue, and the Rag is as soft a turquoise as the breast of the Zuyder Zee. Creeping on the tide beneath, sail out the fisher-boats to the Mouse Light. From the



PEACE—THE SOUTHEAST YACHTS.

Yacht Club the "white wings" take their flight seawards. From the wharf, the lumbering old ketch glides out of the swatch. But, alack and alas! the estuary is now being dissected by a Board of Trade Commission, which has to report on the rights and the wrongs of big ship-owners and little ship-owners, and small boat-owners. Who is to pay for the big



WAR—MAN-OF-WAR OF THE MEDWAY.

channels which it is proposed to dredge? *The Sketch* is no morbid respecter of persons, so, if it does not take up the side of the little folk, let it, at any rate, show you what they are. For instance, their business interests! There is the bawley, which sails from Leigh. There are some sixty or seventy of these craft. Shrimps are what they mainly go for, although, at times, about the Mouse, they trawl for dabs—that is, small flounders, skate, plaice, and (much to be regretted) soles. The bawley is a cutter-rigged craft, *minus* a boom, and counter-constructed specially that the mainsail can be easily and swiftly brailled up, with



LEIGH, FISHERMEN.

regard to the shift state of the winds peculiar to the mouth of the Thames. As a rule, the bawley (there is no rule as to how to spell the word, "bawley," "borley," "borlie," just as you please) is worked by two men, neither of whom, as a matter of course, are owners of the craft. The bawley men also go for whitebait. The fishermen of the South Essex Coast are rather marked characters in their way—excellent football-players, and they have a positive bent for refined minstrelsy.



BUSINESS—THE COASTING STEAMER FROM IPSWICH.

Some of their local songs, like "Pull up the trawl-warp," are quaint and tuneful. Next to the bawleys, of course, come the cocklers. Yet these cannot be distinctly classified as bearing any particular rig. Sometimes they are small bawlies, sometimes old ships' boats. However,



PLEASURE—YACHT MAKING FOR MOORINGS.



WORK—COCKLER "SAILING OUT TO THE EAST."

there are a few cocklers built expressly for the purpose of supplying 'Arry and 'Arriet with the choice luxuries. These are a sort of cutter-rig, oddly enough, without a bowsprit.

As to the bigger of the small craft which frequent Thames Mouth, the coasting schooners, which range from 150 to 200 tons—these bits



BUSINESS—COASTING SCHOONER, GRAVESEND REACH.

of things are worked by four men or four men and a boy. They cost, say, from £1500 to £2000 to set afloat, and there are about fifteen hundred of them running to and fro on the Thames estuary. A great many carry coal, and some bring in, during the season, potatoes from Scotland and France. As a rule, however, their freight is rather of the dirty order—scrap-iron, manure, bones, &c. Again, they are used as carriers for the big ships coming into the Port of London, taking off the freights of American and Russian flour and wheat to the coastwise small



EXCURSION—OLD STYLE.



EXCURSION—"THE KOH-I-NOOR."

ports, where the stuff is used there and then, and not taken inland on arrival at the wharves. *Apropos des bottles*, it is rather a matter of wonder, considering foreign competition, that, although some market-garden produce is taken by schooner from the Kentish shores, a great deal more does not come in the same way to the Port of London and elsewhere. Of course, though it must be admitted that lettuce,



A TOPSAIL BARGE.

water-cress, &c., cannot afford to submit to the auspices of foul winds, still there is good business even in these advanced times to be made out of the coasting schooner—freight carried at about three shillings per ton, captain having to pay crew, taking two-thirds from the owner, 10 per cent. return to be made on capital. The same, too, may be said

of the Thames barge. An 80-ton ketch or ketch-barge can carry 160 tons; and although such a craft *might* run to £1200 in the builder's yard, it by no means follows as a matter of course that it will prove a bad speculation. Here be it noted that a barge, topsail^{less}, is known on the Thames as a "stumpy," a lighter carrying a lug-sail by a peculiarly offensive nomenclature. Sad to say, though, for the picturesque, the small coasting steamers cut heavily into the trade of the coasting sailors.

But, of late years, the most marked feature of the Thames Mouth is the increasing crowd of yachtsmen. The Alexandra, the Minima, the Essex Yacht Clubs, count their hundreds of members and their hundreds of yachts, from the dabchick to the big yawl and S.Y. And each and all of these bigly important little craft are entitled to have something to say anent the Thames Commission.

A. T. P.

A "PHILANTHROPIC AMATEUR OF FASHION."

The ranks of amateur actors have had some strange recruits at one time and another, but rarely a more remarkable one than "Romeo" Coates, the eccentric "buck" who was the talk of London eighty years ago. On March 7, 1814, Mr. Coates appeared at the Haymarket Theatre as Lothario in Rowe's tragedy, "The Fair Penitent," and his dressing of the part was, to put it mildly, peculiar. His dress was made of a particularly rich silk, woven in such fashion as to give it a resemblance to chased silver; his shoulders bore a mantle of pink silk, with a heavy fringe of gold bullion; a heavy gold collar, with jewels,



LOTHARIO, AS PERFORMED BY MR. COATES AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

was suspended round his neck, and at his side he wore a very handsome sword with a gold hilt. Upon his head was a high Spanish hat, surmounted by tall white plumes, and his feet were shod in silken slippers ornamented with big diamond buckles. The "Amateur of Fashion" was in the habit of being somewhat severely handled by the critics, and rarely appeared without being "guyed" by some of the audience, who resented his affectations, which, after all, were harmless enough, if not desirable from the artistic point of view. Upon this occasion he was no more fortunate than usual, and the behaviour of some of the audience was so bad that Mr. Coates left the theatre in high dudgeon at the end of the play, although he had been announced to give one of his famous "monologues." The audience had, in truth, been irreverent, pelting the supposed corpse of Lothario, in the hope of driving him to an untimely resurrection and undignified exit; and, as though to give some colourable excuse for their hilarity, the actor who played Horatio made an irresistibly comical blunder. He should have uttered the aspiration, "Would I were a beggar and lived on scraps!" but, confused by the disorderly conduct of the house, delivered himself of the following revised version, "Would I were a baker and lived on sprats!" The audience were, of course, delighted, but the blunder proved the last straw for the unlucky "amateur."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"I hear Lord Dasher has a horse for sale."

"Yes, I quite believe that; I sold him one last week."



"The reason Oircland is such a distressful counthry is because of the absentee landlords."

"Ah, be gorra ! you're right ; and the counthry 's overrun with 'em."



FATHER'S COAT.

HIS IDEAL END.

It was, in many respects, a cosy little room. Perhaps, to the eyes of the exacting, it lacked those little refinements which suggest a woman's superintending care. To the old man seated in the chair before the fire it was an ideal one—full of memories and delights.

The room was in darkness now, save for the dull-red glow of the fire. An inquisitive one, looking in at the window, would have discerned nothing but the dark figure of a man silhouetted against the red.

As if to gratify such a one, he leaned forward, and stirred up the

How clearly those scenes of the past repictured themselves, and passed, one by one, before his mental vision!

He could see her now, as she sat there at the piano; they were playing together again those sweet, sad melodies of Barnard's.

How happy she had seemed! Yes, that was a memorable day. Then, like a cloud, had come that time of doubt, when he wandered in the wilderness, and dabbled in religions, till every faith was wrecked, and not a hope remained.

He could see her now, as he told her of those doubts—so that she might know why his attentions ceased—he could not hope to win her love, possessing those; and how she had expressed surprise at his



THE NEW PAUL PRY.—DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

dying embers into life. The flames burst out in a frenzy of freedom, lighting up and throwing into bold relief every prominent feature of the apartment.

The recesses on each side of the fireplace, it could be but dimly discerned, were lined with books, in orderly array. The pictures on the walls could be distinguished with ease—here a small Turner, there a portrait by Greuze, an example of Ruysdael and of Hobbema—treasures gathered in the early wandering days. Other mementoes of those days could be seen, here and there, on chiffonier and table.

As the old man looked around on these souvenirs of his past, a strange unquiet possessed him; he felt that the sands of his life were running very low, that only a few more grains remained, and that his ideal end—to die alone among his treasures—was very near.

Memories of the past flooded his mind—thoughts of the happy, peaceful days at Fontainebleau and Barbizon, of pleasant walks through the quaint streets of Antwerp, Bruges, and Rouen; recollections of the bright boyhood days, and of his one short glimpse of love.

state, and prayed him to try to return to the true faith; and her farewell words, "I am sorry for you. Good-bye! Do try! I am sure the light will come."

Thus they had parted, and gone their different ways, and lived their separate lives.

The light came, but came too late. She had forgotten him, then.

Yes! it was hard at first. Yet, he had had many friends. Were they not with him now?—friends who had never failed him, who were always at his service—friends to suit his every mood.

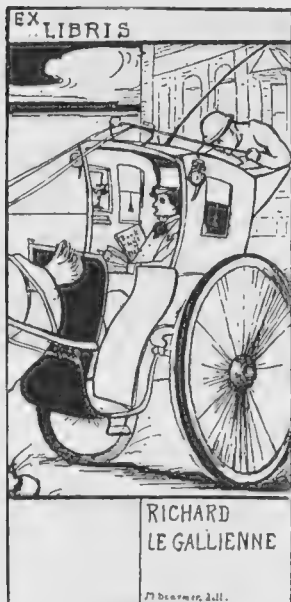
There they stood in well-worn covers—Boswell, Montaigne, Merimée, and Balzac, and a host of others. What happy hours he had spent with them!

A feeling of weariness and a desire for rest overcame all recollections. He took out his handkerchief, and, spreading it over his face, leaned back in his chair. "So, in the morning, they found him"; his ideal end had been realised.

T. TURNER.

MRS. PERCY DEARMER AT HOME.

"Quite a miniature Church and Stage Guild!" I said (writes a *Sketch* representative), as, seated with Mrs. Dearmer in a pretty room of her tiny doll's-house flat, in Duke Street, Manchester Square, I realised that the Rev. Percy Dearmer was writing his Christian Social Union sermon in the other. "You must delight the heart of Mr. Stewart Headlam!"



MR. LE GALLIENNE'S BOOK-PLATE,
DESIGNED BY MRS. DEARMER.

"I believe we do," said Mrs. Dearmer gaily; "indeed, we look upon ourselves, in a sort of way, as his pupils. Do you know Mr. Headlam? Like all public terrors, he is the gentlest and sweetest of men. And it speaks no little for the force of his example that the wife of a clergyman may go about reciting, without anyone being dangerously shocked."

"Design posters, too!" I said, turning to a copy of Mrs. Dearmer's now famous poster for her recital of "Brand."

"And book-plates!—all the newest crazes, you see," added Mrs. Dearmer, laughing. "May I not design one for you? I'm not very expensive—yet. And times are hard."

Mrs. Dearmer then showed me a book-plate she had just designed for Mr. Le Gallienne—a young gentleman seated in a hansom, a narcissus in his buttonhole, a copy of "The Book-Bills of Narcissus" in his hand, industriously engaged in contemplating his own beauty in the little mirror.

I didn't ask Mrs. Dearmer for her serious views upon the extremely serious subject of book-plates; in fact, I didn't dare to ask her anything very seriously, for Mrs. Dearmer has a sense of humour, and a bright wit which it is perilous to provoke.

I told her so. "Well, I don't know," she rejoined; "to laugh is all that is left us in these pessimistic days. But I can be serious, believe me! I was very serious when I recited 'Brand.'"

"But it was a success—?"

"Now you are charmingly serious," she laughed. "Yes, I suppose it was. People and papers were very nice, and 'Brand,' however badly done, is interesting. Yet I felt afterwards that there was some incongruity in a woman in evening-dress attempting to render so harrowing a tragedy. It was something as though Mr. Irving should attempt King Lear in an opera-hat."

"And won't you give 'Brand' again?" I asked.

"Oh, dear me! I may, of course. You mustn't put me on oath, you know. But I prefer to recite ballads. I think of giving Mr. Davidson's 'Ballads of Heaven and Hell' before long. But my pet project at present is a lecture on posters, 'The Art of the Poster,' with examples. Some of the finest art-work that is being done is done to advertise certain French pills and music-halls. Apollo is sometimes at his best when serving Admetus. Look at Mr. Dudley Hardy!"

"Yes, I often look at Mr. Dudley Hardy," I said; "that is, at his wonderful yellow girls. What would London be without them nowadays?"

"I'm afraid you are a supporter of *Pick-Me-Up*," said Mrs. Dearmer, with mock concern. "I assure you the *Daily Chronicle* is much better for you."

"Oh, yes, I used to read the *Chronicle*, but, since the Empire crusade, I have taken in *Pick-Me-Up* and the *Times*."

"But, really," Mrs. Dearmer, I continued, "this is very pleasant, but it is hardly interviewing. You haven't yet told me anything about your views on religion or marriage, and our references to art have been superficial in the extreme."

"Well, religion and marriage are soon disposed of. My views on religion are my own, on marriage—like every other good wife's—my husband's. On art I have no views whatsoever. It is only photographers who take 'views' on any subject. My humble aim is to do the best work I can, and I venture to think that she who designs a poster or a book-plate as in—well, you shall finish the quotation."

"Long ago, down in Bushey," Mrs. Dearmer continued, her young, erect head, crowned with masses of red-gold hair, hardly suggesting such vistas of retrospect as her "long ago" might seem to imply—"long ago, down in Bushey—"

"Oh, you were at Bushey?" I interrupted.

"Yes, and a wonderful life it was. The gaiety, the freedom, the enthusiasm of it! Everybody rapt in the pursuit of art, all undoubtedly born to be great masters, and all, of course, in love with 'The Professor.'"

"I suppose you looked higher than posters in those days?" I queried.

"You mustn't laugh at posters. Posters are our modern substitute for frescoes—the frescoes of the Democracy—and, if you are disposed to be serious, you can easily reflect on the refining, not to say the ennobling, effect of a design whose only ostensible purpose is the advertisement of somebody's one-and-tenpenny tea. What will you think of me, I wonder, if I make a terrible confession? I once did worse than a poster."

I dare hardly confess it. Interviewers are always so respectable! Well, I designed a label for a famous brand of whisky!"

"And a very great service to humanity!" I replied—no doubt, to Mrs. Dearmer's astonishment—"for, if there is one thing that would turn me from whisky-and-soda, it is the dreadful labels which deface the bottles of even the really good whiskies."

"But do you really think that an ugly label has such a teetotal influence?" asked Mrs. Dearmer, in alarm. "For, in that case, a beautiful label might be held responsible—well, for the reverse. That would be terrible! However, you'll promise to say nothing about it in the interview, won't you?"

"Solemnly," I replied.

"But, seriously, to return to the posters. It is possible, if public taste goes on improving as it has really seemed to be doing just lately, a time might come when our hoardings, instead of being miles of unsightliness, a sort of Royal Academy out of doors, might become a real National Gallery of Art for the people. The shoe-black could then study beauty in the intervals of his calling, it would be within the reach of every paper-boy to qualify as an art critic, and waiting for an omnibus would become a positive pleasure."

"Is that out of your lecture, Mrs. Dearmer?"

"No, it is not; it is quite on the spur of the moment."

"Well, I should certainly put it in; it is quite a fine passage, and a



MRS. PERCY DEARMER.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

really epoch-making idea. Mind you send me a ticket for the private view."

"Of course, you don't go away without realising how terribly in earnest, how dreadfully serious, I am on the subject!" was Mrs. Dearmer's parting shot.

Miss Marie Shedlock's French dramatic recital, held in Mrs. Henry Cooke's beautiful house, 20, Stratford Place, a few days ago, brought forth a large and distinguished audience. Miss Shedlock, whom Coquelin Cadet might be proud to greet as sister in *l'art de dire*, recited Mrs. Hugh Bell's monologue, "L'Indécis," Pradel's exquisite "Les Petits Enfants," and "Carcassonne." Miss Isabel Hearne sang "Orpheus with his Lute," and two songs composed by herself. Miss Maud MacCarthy, the Australian child-violinist, who created quite a sensation among musical folk last year, contributed not the least charming items of an admirable programme.

FIFTY UP.

SCENE: Billiard Room at Bamborough Towers.

Enter stealthily MRS. GEORGIE DELAPERTE, a widow, and, as is inevitable, pretty, and CAPTAIN ANNESLEY, of the 99th Lancers.

MRS. D. What fun!

CAPTAIN A. Isn't it rippin'?

MRS. D. How did you manage to get away?

CAPTAIN A. Bamborough is going through a list of the birds he fondly imagines he has killed to-day, and he was so absorbed that he didn't notice me slip out. And you?

MRS. D. I saw that Struthers girl ominously fingering her banjo-case, and that was good enough for me!

CAPTAIN A. And better still for me! Let's have a fifty.

MRS. D. If you'll give me thirty.

CAPTAIN A. Well—

MRS. D. Of course you will. What shall we play for? (*Quickly.*) Not money, you know; but we must have something on the game. What can you think of?

CAPTAIN A. (*with the air of one suddenly faced with a social problem.*) Well, blessed if I know! You've enough pairs of gloves to last you for months, I expect, and I never wear 'em. Carried the same pair for a year—fact! (*An idea strikes him.*) Oh, I say, Mrs. Delaperte, I wonder—I mean, I—I tell you what—let's play for a kiss!

MRS. D. (*with an heroic attempt at a blush.*) For a what?

CAPTAIN A. A kiss. That is to say, if I win, you give me a kiss.

MRS. D. Do I!

CAPTAIN A. And if you win, I—I—you needn't give me a kiss.

MRS. D. (*solemnly.*) Bill, you're not such a fool as I thought you were. All right. Now get me a good cue.

[CAPTAIN A. proceeds to the stand, and, loyally protecting his host's cloth and table, chooses a cue with a tip broad enough to prevent reckless misses and their contingencies.

MRS. D. (*using the chalk with a fine gesture.*) Who shall begin? (*Generously.*) I'll break.

CAPTAIN A. Who breaks pays, you know.

MRS. D. Don't try to be funny, but come and tell me where to put my ball. There? Oh, I see. (*Aims carefully and hits the red ball so hard that, after much travel, it remains just over the left middle pocket, while her own is comfortably close to the opposite one.*)

CAPTAIN A. Well played. (*Makes a break of twenty.*)

MRS. D. (*putting down her cue.*) It's not fair.

CAPTAIN A. Why?

MRS. D. You only gave me thirty, and you've made twenty your first shot. I won't go on playing unless you give me ten more. Why, twenty the first shot, twenty the second shot, twenty the third shot, and where do I come in? (*Shaking her head with a mixture of sagacity and conviction.*) No, thank you.

CAPTAIN A. (*puzzled, man-like, at her irrefutable logic.*) That doesn't alter it. You agreed to take thirty, and I can't possibly give you more. You've only twenty to make—I may not get a single leave again.

MRS. D. I don't care whether you get a single leave or not. All I say is that I don't want to get left!

CAPTAIN A. (*reproachfully.*) Look here, Mrs. Delaperte, do play the game, you know. What's the good of playing at all if you don't play fair? Be British!

MRS. D. (*resignedly.*) All right, I'll play, even at these odds; but if you should happen to win, I won't—

CAPTAIN A. Ssh! It's a debt of honour.

MRS. D. Nonsense! (*Sharply.*) Don't bully!

CAPTAIN A. It's your turn.

MRS. D. What shall I try to do?

CAPTAIN A. There's not much for you to do. You could make a cannon off the top cushion if the balls should happen to kiss, but—

MRS. D. They won't happen to kiss, any more than I shall. (*Makes a fine stroke, and in the confusion that results the red goes into a pocket.*)

CAPTAIN A. Well played!

MRS. D. I should just think it was. You needn't give me ten—I don't want any more points; I wouldn't take them if you went down on your bended knees to ask me to. In fact—

CAPTAIN A. (*putting the red on the spot.*) My dear Mrs. Delaperte, you have another shot.

MRS. D. So I have! (*After much careful aim, Mrs. D. makes a miss, and her ball goes, straight as a die, into a pocket.*)

CAPTAIN A. (*laughing.*) Well played!

MRS. D. Bill—Captain Annesley—I won't be insulted! (*Putting her cue back on the stand.*)

CAPTAIN A. I'm so sorry—didn't mean to laugh, but it was such a splendid straight aim.

MRS. D. (*somewhat mollified.*) Yes; if I had only just grazed the red it wouldn't have been so bad. We'll go on.

CAPTAIN A. (*making a bad shot.*) Bother!

[For the next few minutes they play intently. Mrs. D., by the aid of the fickle goddess, runs her score up to forty-five, while CAPTAIN A. remains at twenty-three.

MRS. D. (*with the light of coming victory in her eyes.*) You have plenty of time to pull up to me still, you know.

CAPTAIN A. (*getting rather savage, and missing an easy cannon.*) What's the matter with me?

MRS. D. Bewitched? (*Adds two to her score.*) How's the game now? Forty-seven—twenty-three?

CAPTAIN A. Yes, but I have a chance now. I'll pot the red first. (*Does so.*) Put it on the spot, please. Thank you. Down it goes again. Now I'm up at this end of the table. The old spot-stroke at last—it has never failed me yet.

MRS. D. (*impatiently.*) How much longer are you going to keep on doing the same silly stroke? You must have pocketed that red ball half-a-dozen times.

CAPTAIN A. That was the seventh. A-ah! what an ass I am! Fancy missing a dead certainty like that last one! Let's see, seven threes make twenty-one. (*Marking his score, calls out.*) The game is "forty-seven—forty-four."

MRS. D. You're not "forty-seven."

CAPTAIN A. No; I'm "forty-four."

MRS. D. Then why did you say you were "forty-seven"?

CAPTAIN A. I called "forty-seven" first because that is your score, and it is your turn to play.

MRS. D. (*with an expression of infinite suspicion.*) Well, I suppose if you say so I must believe you, but—what shall I play for now?

CAPTAIN A. You really can't expect me to advise at this stage of the game. I have far too much at stake.

MRS. D. (*flushing slightly, but not with anger.*) You're very ungenerous. (*Makes a cannon.*) There! I don't want your advice, you see.

CAPTAIN A. You have another shot.

MRS. D. I think I know that, thank you. Now, let me see, I've only one to make. (*Plays.*) Hard lines! I thought I had won the game.

CAPTAIN C. (*grasping his cue with stern determination.*) Now! (*Scores five.*) That makes the game "forty-nine all," and there's nothing left. If I could only give a miss in baulk! (*Plays for safety.*)

MRS. D. I don't know what to do. If I were to give a miss, you would win, wouldn't you?

CAPTAIN A. (*despondently, seeing that Mrs. D.'s ball is only a couple of feet from the red.*) Yes, but it is almost impossible for you to miss at that distance.

MRS. D. (*with a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.*) I'm so nervous. (*After a very long aim, makes an obviously intentional miss-cue, with the result that her ball only moves an inch or two.*)

CAPTAIN A. (*throwing up his cue in the air, and catching it, in an ecstasy.*) My game! (*Voices outside, in the corridor, "Where's old Annesley?" "Let's have a game of pool." "Come along, you fellows."*) Quick—they're coming. Pay your debt, Mrs. Delaperte.

MRS. D. You're sure it's a debt of honour?

CAPTAIN A. (*impatiently.*) Yes!

MRS. D. (*looking down at the floor.*) Well, then— (*The debt is paid, and the door opens.*)

CAPTAIN A. Here I am. Mrs. Delaperte and I have just been having a fifty up.

A VOICE. What did you play for?

CAPTAIN A. (*carelessly.*) Oh, for nothing—only for love.

GILBERT BURGESS.



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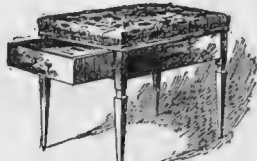
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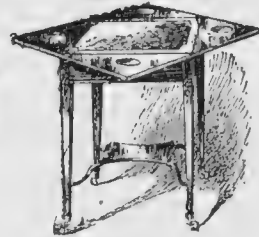
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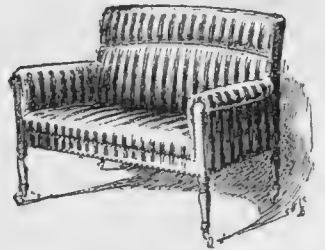
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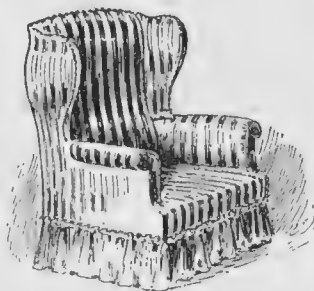
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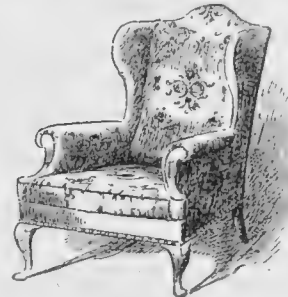
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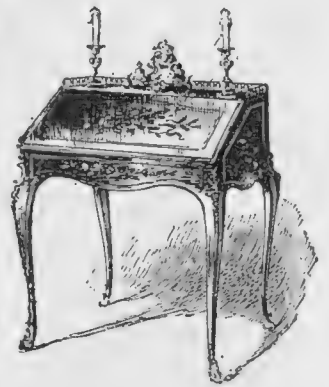
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THE QUESTION OF COLOUR.

THE owner of a sovereign is not apt to find fault with the colour of it. But let us have things according to their nature when we can. The colour of gold in gold is a delight to the eye; yet when the human skin takes that hue it is horrible. Still we see people's skins look that way every day. What makes them? "Bilious," you say, with the air of a man that knows all about it. Keep quiet a minute, while we read this woman's letter.

"I shall never forget the time," she says. "It was early in the year 1887 that I began to feel weak and ailing. I always felt tired and weary. The least exertion seemed to exhaust me. The white of my eyes turned the colour of a sovereign, and so did my skin. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain at the chest, and I was so swollen around the waist that I had to unloose my clothing. Besides that I had a dull, heavy pain between the shoulders.

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker, until I could barely walk, and when outdoors I often felt so dizzy that I had to stand and rest myself. This was the wretched sort of life I lived—now a little better, then worse—until December of last year, 1893. Then I was so

bad I was afraid to lie down in bed, and had to be propped up with pillows. What with pain, weakness, and want of sleep, I was completely worn out. The truth is, I got scarcely any sleep day or night.

"I consulted doctors and took all kinds of medicines, but no good came of it. In May last (1894) my husband read in *Reynolds's Newspaper* about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—how it had cured a case like mine. The facts, with the person's name and address, were all printed, and sounded true and honest. On this we got a bottle from Mr. H. M. Williams, the chemist, in Westminster Road, and after I had taken it for a week I found relief. I could eat better, and my food agreed with me. There was no more pain or distress in the stomach, and I got the first refreshing sleep I had enjoyed for months. I continued with 'Mother Seigel,' and got stronger and stronger. That is only two months ago now, and I am improving all the time. Many a long year has passed since I was in as good health as I am now, thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup. You are at liberty to publish what I have said, as there are plenty of other sufferers who ought to know. (Signed) Mary Quinn, 44, Smeaton Street, Westminster Road, Liverpool, July 24, 1894."

"In December 1892," writes another, "I fell

ill. The white of my eyes and my skin turned the colour of bronze. I got no good sleep, and was too weak to sit up or move myself in bed. I could only take milk or beef-tea. Month after month I got worse, until I seemed to lie at death's door. Four physicians, one after another, attended me, but I was no better for their treatment. In May 1893 my husband read about Mother Seigel's Syrup, and said I ought to try it. He got me a bottle from Mr. Gaulter, chemist, West Street, and in a week I was better. Soon I was able to leave my bed; and got stronger and stronger every day. I am now as well as ever I was, and the Syrup is entitled to the credit of having saved my life. (Signed) (Mrs.) F. A. Eastwood, 14, Blackiston Street East, Fleetwood, July 31, 1894."

Now a bit of common-sense and plain truth, The discoloured eyes and skin mentioned by these ladies were due to bile, which should have been removed by the liver, but was not, because the liver was on strike at that time. Why on strike? Because the stomach had *struck first* and put double work on the liver, and the liver would not, and could not, stand it. Hence the poisoned system and all the dreadful trouble. At bottom it was indigestion and dyspepsia, and not anything else. Plain, isn't it? Of course. To have perfect digestion and a clear skin use the remedy these women used.

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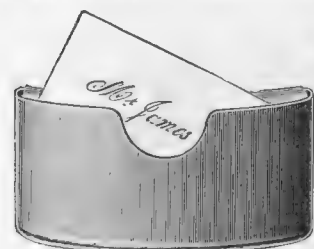
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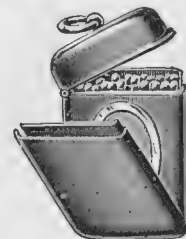
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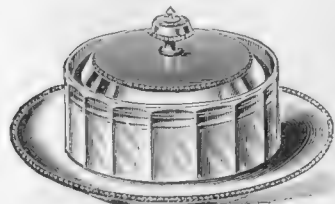
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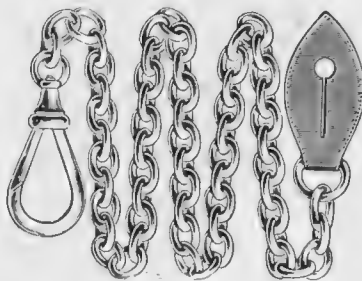
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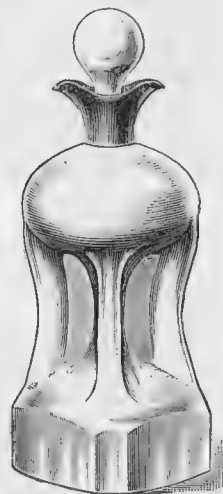
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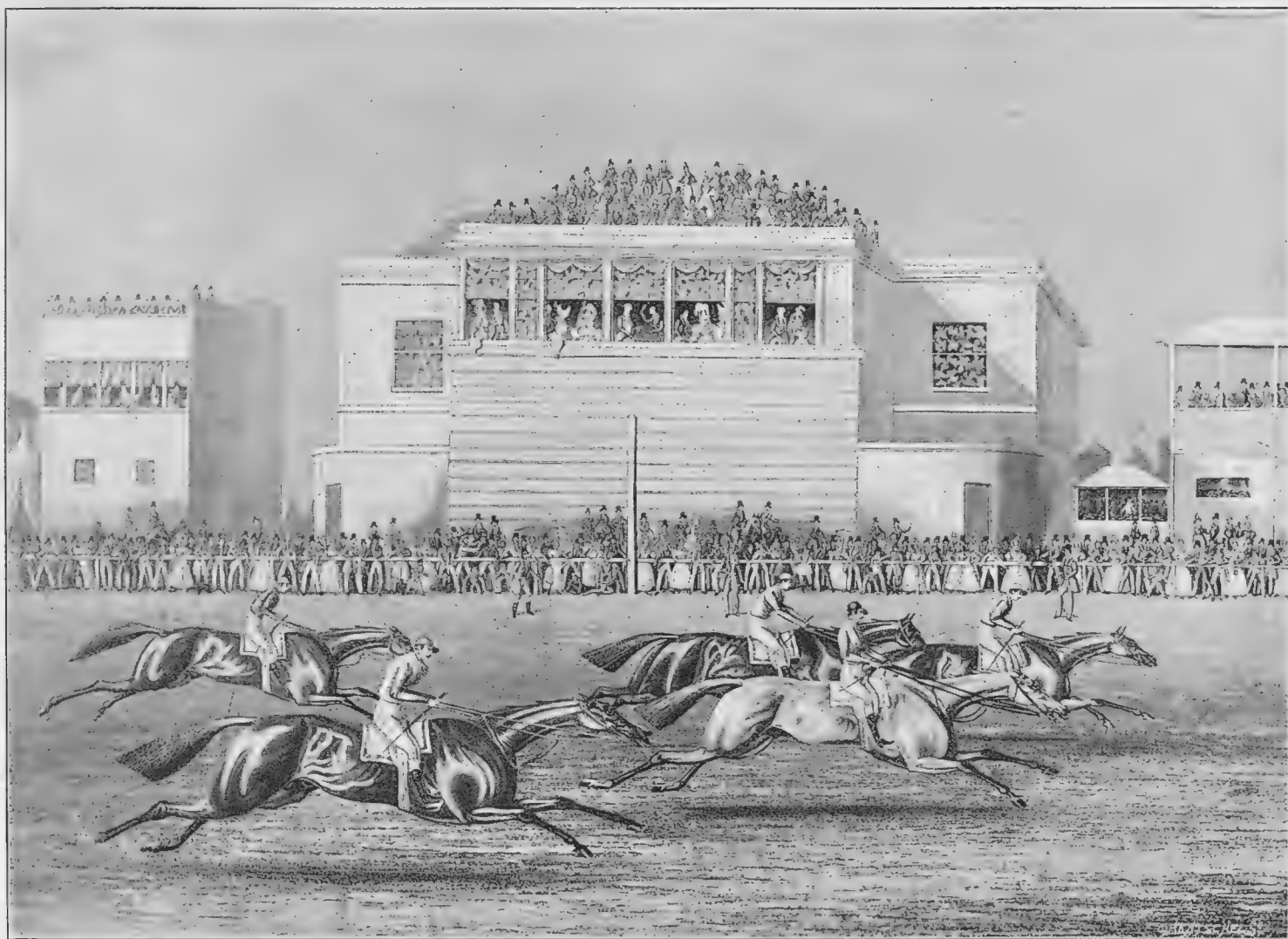
THE ASCOT MEETING.

THE RACES OF OLD.

Rich in racing merit, *facile princeps* as a society function, and glorious in surroundings, the Ascot meeting has always been a favourite with the royal family. As long ago as 1771 the Duke of Cumberland instituted the first Gold Cup, and, later, George III. gave a prize of £100 for horses that had been out with the stag-hounds and had run down at least three deer. That worthy monarch seldom missed attending to see his trophy won, when well enough to be present. His successor, the Fourth George, looked upon Royal Ascot as one of the delights of his life, and, for several years previous to his death, he had two meetings, at a week's interval, annually held. One great ambition, which he was destined never to attain, was to win the Gold Cup, and he made strenuous efforts to gain that trophy.

present Queen used often to go to Ascot during the life of the Prince Consort; but the Prince of Wales, as everybody knows, keeps up the family tradition, he being heart and soul a sportsman, and nobody is more regular in his attendance at the course.

Ascot races are said to have been instituted in 1727, but racing took place on the Berkshire heath as far back as Queen Anne's time. We learn this from Swift, who, in his *Journal to Stella*, on Aug. 10, 1711, writing about Windsor, says:—"We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the Queen will come." That the place meant is Ascot is proved by the *London Gazette* of the time, in which there is an announcement that races would take place at Ascot, round the New Heath on Ascot Common, in August, 1711. The Gold Plate was run for on the Heath in 1712, but no other record can be found until 1727, when only two prizes, one of forty and another of ten guineas, were contended for.



THE ASCOT GRAND STAND, FORTY YEARS AGO.

From an Old Print.

On one occasion he gave the then enormous sum of 4000 guineas for a horse called *The Colonel*, and this solely with the idea of winning that race. But, on the night preceding, Lord Chesterfield bought *Zingance* from Sam Chifney, the well-known jockey, for 2500 guineas. The entry that year was almost a record one in distinction, comprising two Derby winners, one St. Leger winner, and one Oaks winner; and such an aristocratic assembly had never before been seen on the Heath. The carriages were, in some places, nearly twenty feet deep, and it is on record that half a mile of them could not reach the course until after the Cup had been run for. Up to within half a mile of home, *Zingance*, ridden by Chifney, lay behind, but suddenly, like a ball from a gun, before anyone could realise it, he shot to the front, and *Mameluke* was the only one to make any show, Lord Chesterfield's purchase winning by a couple of lengths. Nothing daunted, George IV. bought *Zingance*, and tried to win the Gold Cup the following year, but the horse's day was over, and while the King was lying on his death-bed, the news was brought to him that his horse could not make any fight at all. Little enough did William IV. care for horse-racing, though he kept up a small stud. On one occasion, when asked what horse he would start for an important race, he said, "Oh! I don't know; start the whole fleet," thinking probably more of the sea. He paid one visit to Ascot, shortly after his accession, when somebody threw a stone at him, and he never could be persuaded to view the glories of the Heath again. The

A third, value forty-two guineas, was added in the following year. Until after 1743, however, racing was intermittent, meetings taking place only in the years 1730-32-33-35-36-39-41-42. A Yeoman Prickers' £50 plate, for hunters only, was instituted in 1774, while in 1769 the Parliamentary members of the Corporation of Windsor subscribed £50 to be raced for. From that time the meeting seems rapidly to have come to the front. At the close of last century it extended over the whole of the week, during which every house and cottage in the district would be crammed with visitors, enormous prices being charged for the most meagre accommodation, and hundreds of tents and canvas booths were raised on the Heath for eating and sleeping in. The first Grand Stand was erected by a man named Slingsby, a master-bricklayer, one of the royal tradesmen, in the time of George III., from which six or seven hundred people could gain a view of the racing. Towards the close of the 'thirties a capital of £10,000, in £100 shares, was raised for a new stand, which was opened in 1840 by the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Ascot Stakes was instituted in 1839, the Royal Hunt Cup in 1843, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes in 1862. The Gold Cup was, at one time, re-christened the Emperor's Plate, and was known as such from 1845 to 1853, in honour of the Emperor Nicholas, who visited England in 1844, and who, from that period until the Crimean War broke out, gave the prize. After 1853, however, the old name was revived, and it has been retained to this day.

G. W.

"ASCOT SUNDAY" AT TATTERSALL'S.

Almost all the world of sport—of sport in connection with horses—was present at Tattersall's between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of "Ascot Sunday," as the Sunday in Ascot week is now commonly called; but several faces usually familiar there were missing. The crowd was far greater than on "Derby Sunday," though ladies were less numerous and their gowns less striking. The brightest of colours, however, seemed to abound. Of late years this historic yard has practically developed into a Sunday afternoon meeting-place, not only for sportsmen and sportswomen, but for fashionable people in general. Only a few seasons ago, ladies who went to Tattersall's on Sunday were considered "fast," but now—well, now things are different, and thankful we ought to feel not only that custom in this respect has changed, but that the silly prejudices and narrow ideas entertained by our fathers are quickly being dispelled. Most of us, indeed, can remember the time when a young lady seen driving alone in a hansom was thought to be abnormally rapid. Fortunately, that period has gone by, and the political reformer, the lady cyclist, the problem-novel, and the revolting daughter are together steadily, though, perhaps, slowly, helping to bring the modern young lady to the requisite standard of self-assurance nowadays so sadly needed.

At the present time the crowd that assembles at Tattersall's on Sunday afternoons may briefly be divided into four parts—namely, the comparatively small section who go there in order to look at the horses, and who fully intend to purchase; the people who go there chiefly to see the horses, and partly to meet their friends; the set who put in an appearance chiefly to meet their friends, and partly to see the horses; and, lastly, the detachment of "blades" or "bucks" who care but little for and know nothing about horses.

It is impossible here to mention by name even a twentieth part of the well-known people who patronised the place on "Ascot Sunday." Celebrities of all kinds were plentiful, though sporting celebrities predominated. Masters of hounds were there in abundance; polo-players you met at every turn; gentlemen-riders whom we all know by name, some of us by sight, and a few of us personally, passed through the stables, but did not linger long in the yard itself, while, naturally, the Service was largely represented. Several of our leading trainers, also, were meandering about, but, like most people really of importance, they preferred to remain more or less in the background. Of course, towards four o'clock, the Earl and Countess of Harrington came in, as they generally do. And here it may be well to mention that the report, spread at the close of last hunting season, to the effect that the Earl of Harrington contemplated resigning the mastership of the South Notts, is entirely without foundation. Major W. H. Walker and Captain Boyce stayed only a short time. It is almost needless to say that Lord North's son, owner of Prince Edward and other famous racehorses, was present among the crowd, as were also Mr. H. W. Johnson and Mr. G. B. Milne, the steeplechase riders; Baron de Pallandt, the pigeon-shooter; Captain F. Herbert, of polo fame; Mr. Albert Brassey, Master of the Heythrop; Lord Tredegar; Sir Bache Cunard; Colonel Curre; the Hon. S. R. Beresford; the Marquis of Ormonde; Colonel George Estcourt; Sir Thomas Freahe, and very many other sportsmen of note. Why so few hunting ladies were to be seen it is hard to say. Probably they preferred the fresh air of the Park, or of Hurlingham, or of Ranelagh, to the necessarily somewhat heated atmosphere common to Mr. Tattersall's "Sunday At-homes," as a playful wag has nicknamed these gatherings. Of the horses and ponies in general, nothing need be said here; but one could not help noticing a famous polo pony, Caterina, the property of Mr. Jasper Selwyn, of the Warwickshire Club, bought out of Mr. Miller's stable last year. She is a rare shaped sort, a bit long in the back, perhaps, and possibly she is not a pony that would suit everybody.

The famous "Society Poodle," or "Poodle of Blood," came in for a moment, shortly before the doors were closed. In the morning he was in the Park. A lady, passing out of the yard, called him "too dear for anything!" and similar words of praise were lavishly bestowed upon him, as they always are. Upon his wrists he wore, as usual, antique little silver snake bangles, and round his neck a silver collar studded with brass nails, while a pink Sefton bow upon his head completed his chaste toilette. His beautiful mistress, a well-known lady of rank, says that soon he will appear in a Zouave jacket and puffed sleeves.

B. T.

THE BETTY BEQUEST.

The announcement, made by Sir Edward Lawson at the Jubilee Banquet of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, that Henry Betty, son of William Henry West Betty, the infant Roscius, has promised, now and eventually, a princely donation of £10,000, may make it interesting that a few notes on the child-actor and his son should be appended. William Henry West Betty was born at Shrewsbury, Sept. 13, 1791, and came of an excellent family. When quite a child, his father read to him "Wolsey's Lament," which appears to have been the original cause of the boy turning his attention to the stage. In 1802 he saw Mrs. Siddons appear as Elvira in "Pizarro," at Belfast, and this seems to have fixed his determination. His parents at length gave way, and he appeared at the Belfast Theatre, on Aug. 16, 1803, as Osman in "Zara," when he was but eleven years old. He drew a tremendous audience, and made a great success. On the following Wednesday, he appeared in "Douglas," and on the Friday as Rolla. He next went to Dublin, on Nov. 28, 1803, and, besides other characters, he appeared as Hamlet, of which he learnt the

part in three mornings. After visiting other Irish theatres, he went to Glasgow, on May 1 of the following year, and appeared in Birmingham Aug. 13, 1804. On Dec. 1 following he made his London debut at Covent Garden Theatre. His appearance created quite a furor; extra precautions were obliged to be taken, both in and outside the house, on account of the crush, and he made a brilliant success as Selim in "Barbarossa." On Dec. 10 he appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Douglas, where there was like excitement, and he was getting fifty guineas a night and a clear benefit. He received nearly a thousand pounds for thirteen nights at Birmingham. He toured until 1808, when he was entered as Fellow-Commoner at Christ's College, Cambridge. He left the University in 1811, on his father's death; reappeared on the Bath stage Feb. 15, 1812, and made a provincial tour. He left the stage for six years, made his last public appearance at Southampton, as the Earl of Warwick, Aug. 12, 1824, and retired at the age of thirty-two. He died on Monday, Aug. 24, 1873, at his residence in Amptill Square, in the eighty-third year of his age, and was buried at Highgate Cemetery.



MR. HENRY BETTY.

Photo by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

Here is the account of Henry Betty, taken from the *Theatrical Times* of Nov. 14, 1846:—Mr. Henry Betty, the only child of the celebrated English Roscius—a lineal descendant of an ancient Irish family, and rightful heir, through his mother, to the manor and lands of Hopton Wafers, in the county of Salop, though deprived of his inheritance through some of those delightful peculiarities of the law, which render it "a mockery of justice and a snare to the innocent"—was born in London on Sept. 29, 1819. He was sent to college with the view of ultimately entering upon holy orders, but, manifesting a strong dramatic bias, he sought the opportunity of displaying his talents for histrionic honours at the Gravesend Theatre, Oct. 10, 1835, in the part of Selim in "Barbarossa," a character in which his father, thirty-one years before, had astonished and delighted the town. He returned to college to employ himself in the study of classic lore for two years longer, and in the summer of 1838 (Aug. 29) made what may be termed his first public appearance at the Hereford Theatre, then under the management of the late Mr. Watson. His success here, and in the various towns of that circuit, was significant of his future claim. Liverpool, Bath, Worcester—in fact, almost every provincial town and city—now witnessed his efforts; and at Halifax his impersonation of Hamlet and Claude Melnotte were rewarded by the presentation of a handsome snuff-box, with an appropriate address. The Victoria opened in July, 1840, under a new management, who solicited Mr. Betty's services; but he declined, as he had resolved to forego all temptations from the Metropolis until he had strengthened his natural and acquired professional qualifications.

At Margate, Brighton, Canterbury, Rochester, and Dover, he appeared in almost all his favourite characters—Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III., Rolla, Claude Melnotte, &c.—and in the latter town had to stand the test of public comparison with Mr. Charles Kean. His efforts, however, did not suffer by this. Offers were now made him by the New York managements, but his numerous engagements utterly precluded the thought of soliciting transatlantic suffrages. On Oct. 31, 1842, he appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as Hamlet. He made a highly favourable impression, and played for twelve nights, advantageously to himself and his manager, Mr. Anderson. After visiting Exeter and Sheffield, Bath saw him again, Jan. 30, 1843, as Romeo. Shortly after this he was to have appeared at Covent Garden, but a misunderstanding with Mr. Henry Wallack broke off the engagement. M. Laurent having taken Covent Garden, he secured Mr. Betty's services for twelve nights, at ten pounds a night. He accordingly appeared as Hamlet, Saturday, Dec. 28, 1844, and afterwards represented Claude Melnotte, Macbeth, Othello, Virginius, Rolla, Alexander the Great, and William Tell. He reappeared in London at the Pavilion, under Mr. Thorne's management, on Sept. 8, 1845, in his favourite character of Hamlet. On Feb. 16, 1846, we find him at the Queen's Theatre for a short engagement. He returned to the Pavilion, embodying all his range of characters with great success. His last engagement was at the Olympic, where, assuredly, he ought to have sustained those leading characters which Mr. Bolton's want of taste induced him to essay. Mr. Betty is an actor of high merit, possessing every physical and moral qualification for displaying his art—he is a good scholar, a perfect gentleman, and an amiable member of society.

IF LADIES ONLY KNEW

THAT comely features, good health, and renewed vitality depend almost wholly on pure rich blood, how much suffering would be saved, and how many less weak, languid, sallow, nervous women we should see! Pure blood gives woman that rich, clear, beautiful complexion which no artificial means can produce. The eminent London physician who created the formula from which Vogeler's Curative Compound is made knew this, and gave to the world the only real blood-purifier and strength-restorer prominently before the public to-day.

Thousands of ladies whose blood is impure and complexions disfigured by different forms of skin disease and eruptions will read the following straightforward statement of Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, of Wakerley, Darlington, the excellent portrait of whom we publish below, with more than usual interest. She writes: "For eighteen years I have been sadly afflicted with a dreadful skin disease on my face, from which I suffered greatly, and, as you will readily imagine, I consulted the best medical talent obtainable, and



MRS. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

took many remedies I saw advertised, but every form of treatment seemed a failure, until I accidentally got hold of a wrapper of Vogeler's Curative Compound at the beginning of the year 1893. I was then completely discouraged, having been afflicted so long, but concluded to give the remedy a trial, and, to my great surprise and joy, I found after taking the medicine a little time that the dreadful disease from which I had suffered eighteen years was beginning to disappear. I continued its use until I had taken the contents of four 2s. 6d. bottles, by which time every trace of the disease had gone, as my face will bear testimony, and I was and still remain perfectly cured. During the time I was taking Vogeler's Curative Compound I did not take any other medicine. My general health has improved wonderfully; I feel well and strong; in fact, my friends and neighbours tell me I am a picture of health, which, when compared with my previous condition, seems almost a miracle.

"I would like you to publish this statement far and wide for the benefit of others suffering as I was." April 12, 1895.

Most people would ordinarily consider a statement like this incredible, but we have the living witness in Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, her friends and neighbours, who will all testify, if applied to, that every word of the above is quite true; yet after all, when we come to take into consideration the fact that one of the most eminent living medical men, now enjoying a most extensive and lucrative practice in the West End of London, created, as a result of his years of experience and research, the formula from which this wonderful medicine is made by the well-known proprietors, it is not to be wondered at that miraculous cures like the above are almost an every-day occurrence.

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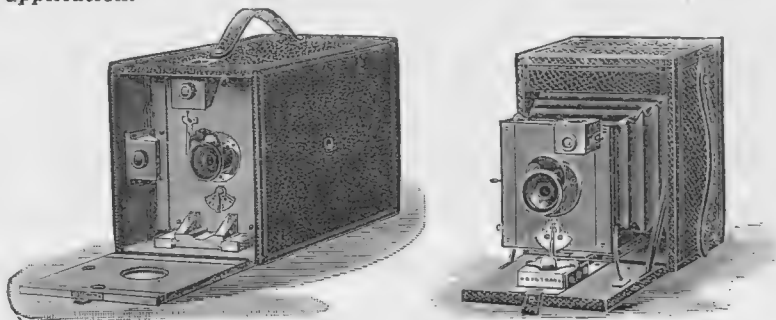
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"In the first place you have to multiply your modest pound or so of Tea by thousands, and arrive at **Tons** before you can realise even a single day's output of this great establishment, and yet, so perfect is the system employed, that these countless packages, ranging from neatly packed pounds to heavy chests, are received, dealt with, and distributed in such a manner that from the time the Tea leaves Ceylon, India, or China, until it reaches the Consumer, it is untouched by hand. From the Tea Gardens in the far East to the Docks, from the Docks to the United Kingdom Tea Company's Warehouses, the Tea is brought in large chests, there to be opened, blended with skill and judgment, and mixed by huge machines, which, in their turn, discharge their contents into great funnels, whence the Teas are conveyed to the enormous Containers, in which they are stored until such time as they are to be packed for sending away. The whole work is arranged with such faultless method, and every detail of the Business is carried out with such cleanliness and freedom from dust or litter, that it is easy to understand that Tea dealt with in so scrupulously clean and careful a manner must be vastly superior to what is usually retailed.

"From quality and treatment it is a natural transition to the very important question of price, and by virtue of the Company's experience, and by their system of supplying the public **Direct**, they are able to supply their Teas (samples of which are forwarded Gratis), at quite wonderful prices, at **1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9,** and **2/-** a pound, these various prices representing different blends and growths, but one and all of pure quality and good aroma.

"It may be added that, in view of the difficulty experienced Abroad in getting good Tea, the Company have arrangements for supplying their Teas to any part of the World at fixed prices, including Carriage, Bonding, and Shipping, Foreign Duty, Insurance and Packing, &c. The rates are duly set forth in a special 'Foreign Department' Price List.

"The United Kingdom Tea Company's Offices, at 21, Mincing Lane, London, with its army of clerks, where all the details of Counting House Work are transacted, **is a sight to be remembered.**"

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Clubbites who fly to the "tape" for the latest, little think of the labour involved in getting "off" the "winner" and the runners over the wire. No little credit for the perfection obtained in this particular is due to Mr. John Gregory, the popular superintendent of the Exchange Telegraph Company. Mr. Gregory was born in 1848, at Andover, in Hampshire. His father was a timber merchant, &c., who



MR. J. GREGORY.

Photo by Treble, Bristol, S.W.

gave his son a fair education and plenty of hard work. Shortly after his father's death, young Gregory came to London (the country lad's El Dorado), and obtained employment in a railway office. This confinement did not suit his taste, so he took a turn at the Ordnance Survey, which brought him in contact with the Royal Engineers, which regiment he eventually joined in 1870. After eighteen months of instruction, he passed his various examinations, and went to Dover as clerk in the Commanding Engineer's office, eventually returning to Chatham to go through a course of instruction in telegraphy, torpedo work, &c. After obtaining a "very superior" certificate, he was offered an appointment in the War Office. Twelve months of this confinement was sufficient. He left the Engineers, and joined the staff of the Exchange Telegraph Company in 1874, where his abilities soon brought him to the front. The company, who had hitherto confined themselves to Stock Exchange business, struck out a new line, namely, sporting, general, and Parliamentary reporting, which gave Mr. Gregory an opportunity to bring his experience as an all-round sportsman into operation. He was soon after appointed superintendent of these departments, and has continued in the office up to the present time. Racing, cricket, rowing, and football are at his fingers' ends, and he is not a stranger to the "noble art." Mr. Gregory has had a great deal to do with unravelling turf frauds, and enjoys the confidence of his employers, whom he has served faithfully for upwards of twenty years.

I believe one or two leading racecourse officials are investigating the sprinkling-machines at present in vogue in Germany, with a view to using them in this country. It seems that all that is necessary is the building of a high water-tank in the centre of the course, and, by means of piping, the sprinkling can be easily done. I fancy if more peat manure were used on some of our courses the going could be kept good in the driest summer. Again, if plenty of clover-seed were sown in the early spring, it would produce strong herbage on many soils.

The French cross-country horses can do little or nothing in our country, and yet, on the Continent, they beat our jumpers hollow. Many speculators cannot make this out, and yet it is easily explained by Arthur Nightingall. He says the fences at Auteuil are so low and easy that the French horses take them in their stride, while English horses take off as though they were jumping the Sandown obstacles. He considers that, before our cracks win at Auteuil, they will have to be specially schooled to fly the fences.

I hope I shall not make any enemies by what I am going to write, but it is necessary that a note of warning should be sounded. The prevailing question in the Press Box at race-meetings is: "What have you backed?" To some of us who never bet the question is simply annoying, to say the least of it. During an experience of something over twenty years I have subscribed to funds got up in the interests of a score of widows of sporting Pressmen, whose husbands were always trying to find winners. On principle, I object to racing reporters betting, as it must prejudice their opinions sooner or later.

Glorious Goodwood is the next big feast on the list for racing-men, but I much regret to hear that the Duke of Richmond may not be present this year. Goodwood is only an imitation Ascot, but it is an improvement on the fixture held on the Royal Heath in some respects. For instance, lady visitors who dote on royalty can stand close to the Goodwood House Stand and see all the occupants. Further, the paddock, although small, is easily get-at-able; but I certainly think ladies should be admitted to the Members' Stand, which is the only place from which to see the finish to perfection.

It is amusing to hear the remarks of trainers and bookmakers on horses when running. It is a remarkable fact that they fasten on the first horse that has to be ridden, and, after the remark, "Shuffledust wins in a trot," invariably comes "Shuffledust is beaten." It is lucky for the reading public that trainers and bookmakers are not entrusted with the describing of races; it is also lucky for newspaper proprietors,

as, in the hands of the "novices," racing descriptions would be a series of libels. The public thinks highly of the judgment of trainers. I do not of some of them.

Very few people know how hard our handicappers work. Mastering all the books of Euclid is child's-play compared to what, say, Major Egerton has to do in a week. The Major, note-book in hand, spends a lot of time in the paddock; and here I may state that "condition" is the one thing that fogs a handicapper. As is well known, several owners run their horses fair and square, but they get weight off now and then, by running their animals when they are fat. However, should the handicapper spot a fat horse, he does not lighten his burden, as a rule, and quite right too.

A very popular racecourse official is Mr. John Sheldon junior, who, like his father, is known far and wide in the sporting world. Mr. Sheldon junior was born at Birmingham in 1852, and was educated at Brunswick School, Leamington. When only fifteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a miller and corn-dealer, but, for the last twenty years, he has assisted his father in the management of various race-meetings. He is officially connected with the following meetings, in one capacity or another:—Bath, Cardiff, Epsom, Glamorgan, Harpenden, Ludlow, Lichfield, Leamington, Leicester, Moreton-in-Marsh, Plymouth, Warwick, Worcester, and Wolverhampton. Mr. Sheldon junior acts as auctioneer to the Epsom Meeting, and he has sold many winners there at high prices. He has a nice manner in the rostrum, and is very quick at catching the bids. His official work entails a lot of travelling about, and it often causes a deal of trouble



MR. J. SHELDON, JUN.

Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.



MR. SHELDON IN THE ROSTRUM.

and anxiety to himself and colleagues; but he contrives to get through it with complete satisfaction to his patrons and himself.

Mr. Willie Edouin makes another of his fitful appearances in London to-morrow, at Terry's, in the farcical comedy entitled "Quong-Hi," which Mr. Fenton Mackay, a dramatist of considerable experience, provincial in the main, has written round this clever comedian's familiar impersonation of Wishee-Washee, the Heathen Chinee. This "childlike and bland" Mongolian was first seen on the boards in the old burlesque, "Blue Beard." Together with Mr. Edouin is appearing one of his daughters, Miss May Edouin, who, from what I have observed of her performances in "Binks," "The Jerry Builder," and "A Trip to Chinatown," is quite certain to have a successful career. She is full of vivacity and animal spirits, and has a bright, cheery manner, somewhat resembling that of her mother, Miss Alice Atherton.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

I suppose it is Surrey for the Championship again. This sort of thing is getting just a trifle monotonous. For the past ten years, with one exception, Surrey has been at the head of affairs in the cricket world, and, judging from their present prosperity and prospects, it appears just as likely that they will go on winning it for another ten years. Of course, it is a long time till the end of August, and there are a good many stiff struggles to be got through; but, allowing for these things, and also for the glorious uncertainty of the game, one cannot get away from the fact that, up to date, Surrey have proved far and away the best eleven in the country. It is a remarkable fact that, after opening the season with a defeat at the hands of Leicestershire, they have defeated Essex, Warwick, Gloucester, Somerset, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and their narrowest victory has been by eight wickets. In the majority of instances they have won with an innings to spare. Even in their palmiest days, Surrey have never been able to show a record quite equal to this. Of course, they may not be able to keep it up—the standard is too high—but they can still win a great many matches without having such enormous margins in their favour.

Next to Surrey, Lancashire are going great guns, this chiefly because of the exceptional batting of Albert Ward and the sensational bowling of Mold. Just after Lancashire had been defeated by Surrey in a single innings, they travelled to Nottingham and brought off a remarkable performance. After they had scored 365, without any change in the weather or wicket they turned round and dismissed the Notts eleven, which included such famous batsmen as Shrewsbury, Gunn, and Dixon, for the extraordinary score of 35 runs. At the second attempt Notts did slightly better, but they did badly enough to be defeated by 180 runs with an innings to spare. Mold's analysis in the first innings was ten wickets for 20 runs, and four of the batsmen were dismissed with successive balls.

The days of century scoring are not yet over. "W. G." added another to his "little list" when playing for the M.C.C. against Kent at Lord's on a bad wicket. This made his fifth century of the season, and, in many respects, his best. Space is too limited and time too short to note all the centuries that have been scored, but among them may be mentioned Hayward's century against Yorkshire, Ward's against Notts, N. F. Druce's against the M.C.C., L. H. Gwynn's against Cambridge and Leicester, Abel's against Lancashire, Tunnicliffe's against Middlesex, Street's against Leicester, Murdoch's against Cambridge University, and Sir Timothy O'Brien's double century against Sussex. In addition to O'Brien's great feat, Messrs. Lucas, Newham, and Brann each scored over a hundred runs.

Speaking of the big things in cricket, I am reminded of a new record for any class of match. Playing for the Munster Fusiliers, Curragh Camp, in Ireland, Captain Oates and Private Fitzgerald put on 623 runs for a second wicket, and even then both men were not out. Captain Oates had 313 to his credit, while Fitzgerald's share of the runs was 287. No matter what the bowling was like, this scoring must be pronounced as the most extraordinary thing in an extraordinary season, and it may be a very long time before we shall see anything to equal it.

The following are the important matches for the next (*Sketch*) week—

June 27—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Cambridge University.
At Maidstone, Kent v. Oxford University.
At Manchester, Lancashire v. Middlesex.
At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Yorkshire.
July 1—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Oxford University.
At the Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex.
At Catford Bridge, Kent v. Sussex.
At Leyton, Essex v. Yorkshire.
At Derby, Derbyshire v. Notts.
At Southampton, Hampshire v. Somerset.

LAWN TENNIS.

Although Ireland is hardly able to hold its own with England in the matter of cricket, the distressful country has very little to learn from us in the way of lawn tennis. Owing to the absence, however, of several of the Irish crack players, England managed to beat Old Ireland at Liverpool the other week. In the singles, W. Baddeley, the ex-champion, beat G. C. Ball-Greene, after losing one set. H. Baddeley also beat his opponent, C. H. Chaytor, and England won six matches to nothing, and eighteen sets to four. In the doubles, Ireland claimed a better record, although here, too, the visitors were beaten by four games to two.

Meanwhile, Ireland's two best players, Dr. Pim and H. S. Mahony, had set sail for America, where they intend to take part in some of the leading American tournaments. Both men are to make a very short stay in America, as they intend to return in time for the English championships. Dr. Pim, who, although an Irishman, is the English Champion, will hardly be in the best condition to retain his title, especially as he is reputed to be a very bad sailor. This should give W. Baddeley—who, by the way, has just written a book on lawn tennis, a good chance of securing the title he held two years ago.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

As the Oxford and Cambridge sports take place on July 3, most of the University men will be in training longer than usual, and will probably seize the opportunity to take part in the championships at Stamford Bridge. At present it is a very open question whether Oxford or

Cambridge will win the odd event at Queen's Club next month. At present the Light Blues are slight favourites, and I think their position is justified.

In view of the proposed trip of Oxford and Cambridge athletes to meet the combined Universities of America in New York next September, a comparison of the records of Oxford and Cambridge, as opposed to Yale and Harvard, should be found interesting. In the so-called field events, the Americans have the best of it on paper; but I am by no means disposed to think that the English representatives will in any way be behind in the actual contests. So far as the weight and hammer are concerned, the Englishmen are hopelessly out of it.

	OXFORD—CAMBRIDGE.	YALE—HARVARD.
100 Yards ...	(O.) Gomer-Wms., 10 1-5 sec. ...	(Y.) Richards, 10 1-5 sec.
	(O.) Jordan or Mayne, 10 2-5 sec. ...	(H.) Gonterman, 10 1-5 sec.
440 Yards ...	(O.) Fitzherbert, 50 1-5 sec. ...	(H.) Vincent, 50 4-5 sec.
	(O.) Jordan, 50 4-5 sec. ...	(H.) Mansfield, 51 2-5 sec.
One Mile ...	(C.) Lutyens, 4 min. 19 4-5 sec.	(Y.) Morgan, 4 m. 26 4-5 s.
		(H.) Coolidge or Emerson.
120 Yards } (C.) Pilkington, 16 1-5 sec. ...	(Y.) Hatch, 16 1-5 sec.	
Hurdles } (O.) Oakley, 16 2-5 sec. ...	(Y.) Cady, 16 1-5 sec.	
	(H.) Perkins.	
High Jump (O.) Gardiner, 5 ft. 8 in. ...	(H.) Paine, 6 ft 5-8 in.	
	(C.) Lubbock, 5 ft. 7 in. ...	(Y.) Thompson, 5 ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump (O.) Fry, 23 ft. 6½ in. ...	(Y.) Sheldon, 22 ft. 8½ in.	
	(O.) Oakley, 22 ft. 8½ in. ...	(H.) Stickney, 22 ft. 3½ in.
	(C.) Mendelsson, 22 ft. 4 in.	
Weight ... (C.) De la Pryme, 37 ft. 1 in. ...	(Y.) Hickok, 44 ft. 1½ in.	
	(C.) Watson, 36 ft. 5 in. ...	(Y.) Brown, 40 ft. 10 in.
	(O.) Meggy, 35 ft. 10 in. ...	(H.) Keeble, 39 ft. 2½ in.
Hammer ... (O.) Robertson, 114 ft. 1 in. ...	(Y.) Hickok, 135 ft 7½ in.	
	(C.) Johnston, 109 ft. 8½ in. ...	(Y.) Cross, 135 ft.

I have pleasure in giving the proposed representatives for Oxford and Cambridge for the inter-Varsity sports to be held at Queen's Club, next Wednesday—

OXFORD.

100 Yards—G. Jordan (University) and C. B. Fry (Wadham), or J. C. Mayne (Brasenose).
Quarter-Mile—G. Jordan (University) and H. J. Baddeley (Trinity).
One Mile—F. W. Rathbone (New), J. Corbin (Balliol), and G. M. Hildyard (University).
Three Miles—W. H. Whitelaw (New), W. H. Hallows (University), and R. M. Holland (Trinity).
Hurdles—W. J. Oakley (Christ Church) and T. G. Scott (Hertford).
Long Jump—W. J. Oakley (Christ Church).
High Jump—G. A. Gardiner (New College).
Throwing the Hammer—G. S. Robertson (New) and A. O. Dowson (New).
Putting the Weight—D. H. Meggy (Christ Church).

CAMBRIDGE.

100 Yards—G. Gomer Williams (Jesus) and E. H. Wilding (Pembroke).
440 Yards—W. Fitzherbert (Trinity Hall) and C. H. Lewin (Trinity).
One Mile—W. E. Lutyens (Sidney), H. J. Davenport (Trinity), and H. F. E. Wigram (Trinity).
Three Miles—F. S. Horan (Trinity Hall), W. V. Wood (Clare), and G. H. Todd (Corpus).
120 Yards Hurdles—L. E. Pilkington (King's) and W. M. Fletcher (Trinity).
High Jump—S. G. Lubbock (King's) and A. B. Johnston (Pembroke).
Long Jump—W. Mendelsson (Jesus) and W. M. McG. Hemingway (King's).
Putting the Weight—E. J. M. Watson (Trinity) and C. T. de la Pryme (Christ's).
Throwing the Hammer—A. B. Johnston (Pembroke) and C. T. de la Pryme (Christ's).

OLYMPIAN.

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Now that Mr. Wilson Barrett has returned home from his long American *tournee*, we may expect to see in London his new play, "The Sign of the Cross," which appears lately to have been almost his trump card. It was produced by him at the Grand Opera House, St. Louis, on Thursday, March 28, and received its first Monday performance (Monday starting the theatrical touring week in America, just as in England), at Memphis, in Tennessee, on April 1. Mr. Barrett has always been fond of semi-classical, historico-romantic plays, and, leaving out of the question the first Lord Lytton's "Junius," this is the fourth in which he has been concerned. The others were the Wills-Herman "Claudian," with its famous earthquake scene; Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Clito," in which Miss Eastlake, as Helle, gave one of her very best performances; and Mr. Barrett's own piece, "Pharaoh," which, though brought out at Leeds so far back as Sept. 29, 1892, we have never seen in town yet, any more than we have the same actor-manager-dramatist's successful adaptation of "The Manxman," his revised version of "Virginius," or his Othello. The two leading characters in "The Sign of the Cross," played in America by Mr. Barrett and Miss Maud Jeffries, are those of Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome at the time of Nero, and, at the outset, a relentless persecutor of the Christians, and Marcia, a Christian girl, for whom the Prefect entertains a love that passes through the purely animal stage to something more exalted, and together with whom Marcus, in the fourth and last act, marches boldly to the stake. There are several striking stage-pictures in this appropriately named play, a meeting of Christian worshippers near the Tiber, and a wild orgie in the palace of Marcus in Act III., where he attempts to offer violence to Marcia, affording splendid opportunities to scenic artists, carpenters, and stage-manager. With a repertory composed of this, his latest play, and a few more of the dramas above enumerated, Mr. Barrett ought surely to have a season of some prosperity in London.

ELLIMAN'S
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IT I
WILL
HAVE
OR I
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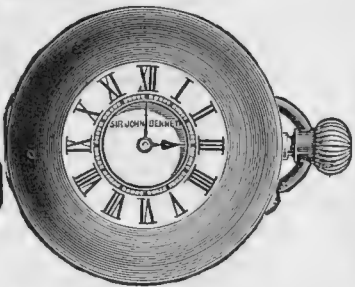
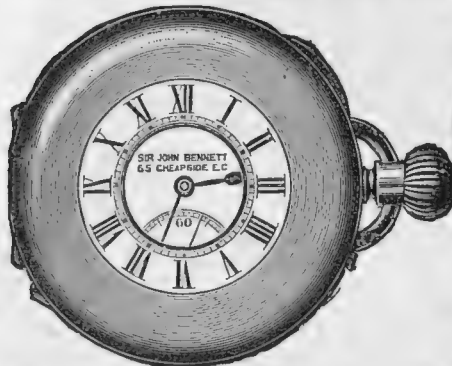
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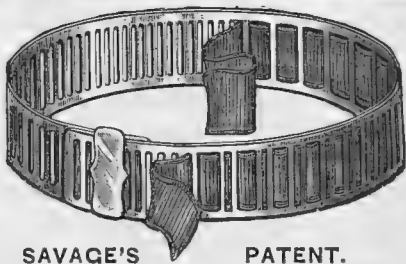
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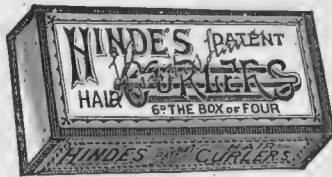
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT ASCOT.

I may as well confess, to begin with, that I did *not* go to Ascot this year, but I made up for this by having private views of some of the most notable dresses which were destined to add to the brilliancy of the scene. I started with Mrs. Langtry. First, there comes a dainty vision in white and blue, the skirt, of finest silk muslin, being adorned with sundry panels of forget-me-not blue silk, veiled with cobwebby lace, and bordered at the foot with two bands of lace insertion. Right down the left side, from waist to hem, there falls a long trail of rose-leaves, the stem provided with a goodly number of thorns, which, however, are amply made up for by the great full-blown pink rose at the foot. As to the bodice, it has puffed elbow-sleeves of the cloudy muslin and lace, and it is draped with a fichu-like arrangement of the lace, the crossed ends fastening at each

I also carried away with me an affectionate memory of two other Ascot gowns, one of pink silk, veiled with tender-green silken gauze, patterned indistinctly with pale-pink carnations and with some tiny blossoms in faintest blue, this gown having for sole trimming, both on bodice and sleeves, insertion-bands of accordion-pleated green satin ribbon arranged in vandykes, the effect being exceedingly original and distinctly pretty. And, lastly, a dove-grey silk, the skirt rising superior in its rich fulness to any suggestion of trimming, and the bodice of cloudy grey chiffon, held in by a corselet over-bodice of the silk, cut out in points and bordered with an appliqué of white embroidered lace, a delightful touch of colour being given by a collar and waistband of pale cornflower-blue mirror velvet. The hat destined for wear with this gown was of blue straw, trimmed with a great bow of blue silk and a bunch of shaded cornflowers.

Miss May Yohé's gowns also hailed from Paris. First, let me



MRS. LANGTRY'S ASCOT DRESSES.

side of the waist, which is encircled by a band of blue glacé silk tied in a careless bow at the back, another pink rose being tucked into the corsage-folds. The accompanying hat, which proclaims aloud, by its size and style, that its birthplace was Paris—over here we do not know what really large hats are as yet—is of soft white straw, its wide-spreading brim turned sharply up at the back with a huge bow of blue glacé, puffings and bows of the same silk encircling the crown, and one great loop being caught together in front by an enormous turquoise buckle. Filmy folds of black tulle are also called into requisition, to veil the brightness of the silk, and high at the left side wave four black ostrich-tips—truly a generous allowance of trimming for one hat, even for one so large as this.

In marked contrast to the comparative simplicity of this dress is the elaborate beauty of the second one, for which I called in the services of my artist to hand its charms down to posterity. The fabric is pink glacé silk, patterned with blurred roses and leaves arranged in broad stripes, and having a background of ferns in black. The full skirt has V-shaped panels of pink accordion-pleated chiffon, let in at the sides, and the chiffon is introduced in the bodice in the form of a square yoke, bordered with a band of costly lace. The slightly overhanging fulness in front is caught into a band of black chiffon, its side rosettes divided by the glittering brilliancy of two paste buttons, and the chiffon sleeves are like great full-blown roses. I think you can imagine something of its loveliness.

take the cape—a perfectly bewitching little garment of white chiné glacé silk, scattered over with roses, mauve, yellow, and pink, but each colour so faint and indistinct that it melted into the other, while, for trimming, there are two frills of black chiffon edged with a suggestion of yellowish Valenciennes, the voluminous neck ruffle being again of the chiffon and lace. There is a hat of yellowish straw, with black-petalled roses rising aloft at the back, and, round the crown, loose folds of deepest rose-pink silk, fastened with a buckle of diamonds and pearls. The dress to which this hat and cape gave the finishing touches is of pink silk, entirely covered with the most wonderful silk gauze, for all the world like a cobweb, but a cobweb of Persian colouring, be it understood, in which pale blue, pink, and a score of indefinable tints have all been imprisoned. With such a fairy-like fabric, the style of making is necessarily very simple—just a touch of exquisite lace on the bodice, and a collar and waistband of pink silk, finished with an entirely new and fan-like variety of the great bow family.

This is one of Miss Yohé's Ascot costumes, and next comes one of grass-lawn, with insertions of costly Brussels appliqué let in on the bodice and again on the skirt, the lining of pink silk gleaming rosily through in most charming fashion. The bodice fulness is drawn into a waistband of pink silk, and the collar boasts of a great soft rosette at each side, for all the world like a full-blown poppy. As to the skirt, it is quite plain over the hips, and then it spreads out into accordion-

pleated fulness, which the gleam of pink beneath makes doubly lovely. And the hat is worthy to crown such a gown. It is of deep-yellow straw, the brim turned up at the left side to show a mass of exquisite pink poppies, while at the right side it is covered by a frill of black net



MISS MAY YOHÉ AT ASCOT.

sewn thickly with moon-light sequins — blue, purple, green — while above it rise a high spray of black poppies and two black quills. There is something richly Spanish in its colouring and style which suits Miss Yohé's dark-eyed beauty to perfection, and, indeed, I have not often seen a lovelier picture than she made. Last, but by no means least, there was a dress of palest tan-lawn, entirely covered with embroidery in an openwork design, which revealed a lining of shot glacé silk in exquisite tones of palest blue and golden-yellow. This silk also formed the pouch-front of the bodice, together with the collar and waistband,

the embroidered lawn covering the back and sides, and falling in double capes over the shoulders. There was a cape of palest tan cloth to go with this dress, lined with white satin, and with a neck-ruffle of chiffon set round with loops of satin ribbon. And so I might go on, if space



MISS MAY YOHÉ AT ASCOT.

were only elastic; as it is not, I must reserve the tale of the Ascot clothes of some more celebrities for next week. They are worth waiting for, I can assure you, and if you are on the verge of indulging in some new gowns, stay your orders till you have seen these, and then indulge in the imitation which is supposed to be so flattering by all but the special objects of the imitation.

FLORENCE.

THE SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA COMPANY.

Teutonic humour is a quaint product, otherwise the British mind would experience some amazement in finding that Zeller's comic opera, "Der Vogelhändler," has scored such a success in Germany. It was with this piece that the Royal Saxe-Coburg Company opened their season at Drury Lane on Monday last week. The plot is a *rechauffé* of most other comic operas, the recipe for which would run: 'Take one princess in disguise as a peasant, one young nobleman masquerading as the prince, a pair of honest but uneducated lovers, and mix freely. Introduce the peasants into the palace, and the prince to the village inn. Of course, the peasant makes love to the princess, and the supposed prince to the peasant, and the usual complications ensue.

As for the music, it is as original as could be expected, but, like the plot, suggests most of the comic opera music ever written. It is certainly bright and decidedly tuneful. The Valse sung by the Princess Marié on her entrance is charming, and the chorus of disguised Ladies-in-Waiting, each carrying a scarlet sunshade, most effective. The famous Nightingale Song disappointed one's expectations, though it is pretty enough. Herr Zeller would have done better to have written it for Christel instead of Adam, for it sounds much better from her lips.

As a whole, the performance was excellent, but too German for British tastes. Many of the jokes, which drew forth roars of laughter, would have fallen flat as ditch-water had the audience been English. Madame Palmay, the famous Austrian *soubrette*, made a charmingly pretty Christel, and Fräulein Farkas did justice to the Princess, while Herr Reer (Baron Weps) is a comedian of real ability, and the Herren Ricardi and Bürger, as two professors, one half deaf, and the other more than half blind, were broadly humorous. There was a joke about a flea which delighted the audience immensely, and Baron Weps distinctly scored when, in imploring Adelaide to marry him, he urged that he "would match so well with her antique furniture," a remark, by the way, which was about the wittiest thing in the dialogue.

"Der Vogelhändler" was followed on Tuesday by Sudermann's "Die Ehre" (Honour). As the title implies, "Die Ehre" is a study of the various ideas of honour held by different classes, all presented with an absolute truth and realism that is more than lifelike. The action of the play unrolls with the same inevitableness and necessity as though decreed by Destiny, and not by Sudermann. And the everyday tragedy of it is as real as the living humour. Robert Heinecke returns to his family, workpeople in Berlin, after twelve years' absence in India, and he returns to nothing but disappointment and disillusion. His father and mother, content to "sponge" on his employer, ignore the dishonour of their daughter, Alma, Robert's favourite sister; while Alma herself is perfectly satisfied to lead the gay life of a worthless *cocotte*, her married sister aiding and abetting. They all see no harm in it, for they are "poor people," and delightedly accept the money Herr Mühlingk offers them when he wishes to put an end to his son's connection with Alma. This situation Sudermann works out with a shuddering truthfulness which is absorbing. The play, down to the smallest and most unimportant part, was perfectly acted. There was no straining for "effects." Everybody played not for themselves individually, but for the piece as a whole. The least convincing person was Robert himself. He savours too much of the prig, a mistake which Herr Heimhof did not tone down in his representation. It is almost impossible to pick out one individual more than another for praise, but Herr Vallentin, as the fashionable young officer, deserved all the applause he received, and more. The part of Alma fell to Fräulein Linden, who was both clever and satisfying. Herr Adolf Klein, a Berlin actor especially engaged for the part, played Count Trast, Robert's friend and mentor. He was dignified and moving, and his ironic remarks were delivered with a subtle humour which sent them straight home. "Virtue," he says, "is borne by necessity, and what you call honour is a mixture of modesty, tact, fairness, and pride."

The inevitable coffee-pot of German comedy made its first appearance on Thursday night in Adolph L'Arronge's "Hasemanns Töchter." But Herr L'Arronge was kind—he restricted it to the first act only. The play must sound like an echo of the remote past in the ears of the *fin-de-siècle* playgoer. Hasemann, after having abrogated his authority, and allowed his wife to bring up their three daughters as she pleased, suddenly wakes up, at the end of the third act, to the fact that his youngest daughter, Franziska, is a pert little monkey, who openly derides his authority, and that the coquettish Rosa, who married partly for wealth and partly out of pique, has quarrelled with her husband, who is about to apply for a divorce. Hasemann takes matters into his own hands, assures Rosa's husband that his wife has learnt to love him, and declares that Franziska, aged presumably, fourteen or fifteen, shall leave school, learn to cook potatoes, and knit stockings—the height of all legitimate feminine ambition. This play throws more light on the life and the ideas of middle-class German families than could be gained from anything but a long residence in the country. Herr Weiss, the market-gardener Hasemann, is a clever character-actor, and was the mainstay of the piece. Fräulein Linden, the Alma of "Die Ehre," made a delight little *Hausfrau*, who spends most of her time in quarrelling with her husband over the bringing up of their imaginary children. Herr Hanstein was good as Rosa's husband, and Herr Brauck played the part of Rosa's stuttering adorer with much effect.

The ladies of the play, with the exception of Rosa, must have made considerable progress with their crochet-work, from which, with true German tenacity, they were rarely parted. There was about the whole play the most unmistakable flavour of the Vaterland, which constituted its chief charm, though some of the dialogue was witty.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The House of Commons is, just now, a strange mixture of tedium and sensation. Within, we have the details of Bills, dull in themselves, and all but sure of their fate in the Lords, if they ever reach it. The exception is the Factory Bill, which has been debated in the Grand Committee with an eagerness, a bitterness, and amid strange combinations of interests and politicians that give us the one touch of dramatic colour in the Commons. In the Lobby, however, it is all different. We have excursions, rumours, counter-rumours; we have the assault of the Opposition being gradually worked up by Mr. Chamberlain into something like frenzy, and we have all sorts of small stratagems and devices brought to bear on this main object. The most extraordinary of these has been the story of Mr. Gladstone's pair with his aged co-Parliamentarian—I am afraid I cannot say friend—Mr. Villiers. Between them, Mr. Chamberlain and the Opposition Whips certainly made a pretty sensation, and were responsible for an uncommonly effective *canard*. The facts are pretty simple. Mr. Gladstone is not perhaps over-enthusiastic about the Government. He has been writing rather strong letters about Armenia, and he unquestionably thinks that Lord Rosebery has not gone fast enough or far enough. Then he did not altogether like the slight hint at nationalisation of cathedrals which was contained in the Welsh Bill. There were also one or two points connected with churchyards and private benefactions about which he did not feel quite at ease. He talked about this without, I believe, writing anything to Lord Tweedmouth. But the talk was so indefinite that the Whips thought nothing of it, and the pair was continued. Finally, as a mere matter of courtesy, Lord Tweedmouth thought that the pair ought to be released while the Bill was in Committee, or, at least, while those specific points were being considered. So the pair was broken; the Unionist Whips were, of course, informed; and then Mr. Anstruther, after, I believe, communicating with Mr. Chamberlain, sent the boom abroad. I am told, indeed, that the Member for West Birmingham personally coached the representatives of the *Times* and the *Scotsman* as to his own view of the significance of the ruptured pair. Certain it was that the story lost nothing in the telling of it by the hard-fighting and not always too scrupulous *Times*. The bolt is spent, and it has done some harm; for a Government which does not at this moment possess a majority of more than four, at the worst estimate, is not strong enough to bear even the appearance of a blow from the greatest of living Liberals without being weakened.

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

Another cause of trouble has been that a breach of feeling, though not, of course, of policy, has been opened up between the Liberals and their Irish allies. The storm about Cromwell's statue no doubt originated with the Parnellites, always eager to stir up a very irrational kind of feeling and manoeuvring for the lead against the Anti-Parnellites. In fact, the Irish Party is now in a state of almost complete disorganisation. Out of this mood and temper it was natural to expect such an explosion as occurred over the Cromwell statue. The Irishmen used very strong language—in fact, they let themselves go with a freedom which would have been impossible a few years ago. On the Liberal side great restraint was shown, but among Nonconformists the irritation was very keen indeed, and this feeling found much more passionate expression outside. Unhappily, the Cromwell business does not stand alone. There has been distinct friction between the Government and the Irish members over the Factory Bill, and Mr. Sexton and Mr. Burns have been at rather serious loggerheads. All this with a General Election in sight, with the Tory Opposition strengthening, and with not too cordial relations between the Prime Minister and his lieutenants, does not make a pretty situation.

DISSOLUTION APPROACHING.

In fact, it is, to my mind, more doubtful to-day than it has been for many long months whether the Government can stay on much longer. The Opposition have now defeated the Government on the question of the supply of reserve ammunition, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has sent in his resignation, but his colleagues are endeavouring to dissuade him. The season will soon be wearing to a close; society will make its arrangements, and, meanwhile, the forces will draw around the doomed Government. I believe these tactics are rash, and that they will recoil on the head of their chief inventor. Mr. Chamberlain is a demon of cleverness at forcing tactics, and there is no one on the other side who, on such ground, can touch him. Therefore, I cannot help thinking that, before I have put my pen to paper many times more in these columns, we shall have the General Election upon us.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston's new "three-miles-to-inch" map, the sixth sheet of which is just published, comes in time for tourists. It is exceedingly useful.

What's in a pen? A good deal, apparently; for Mr. Hall Caine wrote "The Manxman" with a Swan Fountain Pen, while Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" with a gold pen manufactured by the same makers, Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard.

Here is a child-story that is both amusing and true. Seeing a funeral-car, laden with flowers, pass, the other day, a little chap blurted out, "Oh! mother, what a beautiful carriage! Don't you wish you could ride in it some day?"

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

What is the real truth about all that fuss over Mr. Gladstone's pair? There are three certain points: (1) Mr. Gladstone communicated with the Ministerial Whips as early as May 5, intimating that he intended to preserve his independence on the Committee stage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill; (2) the Ministerial Whips did not inform the Liberal-Unionist Whips of this until Monday, June 17, or nearly six weeks after, thereby concealing the fact that Mr. Villiers, with whom Mr. Gladstone was paired, might have voted against the Government on every division of the Welsh Bill; (3) the pair between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Villiers was definitely cancelled by the Opposition Whips on Wednesday, June 19. These three facts stand out clearly, and, though Mr. Gladstone may choose now to say that the deductions made from them are incorrect, and the Radical Whips may pooh-pooh the whole thing, these are the facts, from which the public is at liberty to draw its own inferences. Two such inferences which ought, in my opinion, to be drawn are these: that the Radical Whips behaved very shabbily in not communicating Mr. Gladstone's intimation to the other side, and that the fact of Mr. Gladstone's disapproval of even certain points only in the Welsh Church Bill is a "nasty one" for his old colleagues, now that it is formally proclaimed.

RADICAL DEPRESSION.

Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal of his unqualified support comes on the top of several other things which have combined to make the Government and its followers very uncomfortable. The Inverness election has brought their majority down, on a pinch, to no more than five, and Mr. O'Brien's voluntary retirement into bankruptcy vacates a seat, and reduces even this small majority of five by one, as long as it is not filled by an Anti-Parnellite successor. Then business has been going badly. The Irish Party has not been at all faithful lately. It was because of the Irishmen that the vote for Cromwell's statue had to be withdrawn when it had barely been introduced. It was owing to the Irishmen that Mr. Asquith encountered his first serious defeat on the Factories Bill, on the question whether laundries should be included. Even a section of the Welsh Party has revolted on the Disestablishment Bill. Moreover, Lord Rosebery's foreign policy, though it is one of the things that has kept the Government in office, is by no means to the taste of a large section of his followers, who do not enjoy seeing their Party stay in office simply on the terms of imitating—very feebly and unsuccessfully—the Imperialistic ideas of Lord Beaconsfield. The conviction that Lord Rosebery's Government is too weak to carry on has been growing visibly among his own Party. Moreover, the end of Ascot week has turned the half-way post of the "season," and this was taken everywhere last week to mean the beginning of a real intention on the part of the Opposition to show their strength. A dissolution, it must be remembered, cannot take effect for several weeks, even if it were decided on now. There is a good deal of Supply to be gone through, and things have to be wound up decently and in order. On Friday came the announcement of the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge and the defeat of the Government on the question of supply of reserve ammunition. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has sent in his resignation, but his friends wish him to withdraw it. At the moment of writing the matter is not settled.

THE FIGHT FOR SUNDAY.

Amid all the unreal work, the sand-ploughing, that is going on in the House, I must not leave out of sight some real Parliamentary work that is going on in Committee. I have mentioned the Factories Bill and the defeat of the Laundries Clause; but there is also some hard work being done in the Hybrid Committee on the Water Bills, and some good work in the Select Committee on the Lord's Day Observance question. This last is really too good to be missed. The Committee is one of the House of Lords, and it is engaged in taking evidence on the question of an amendment of the Lord's Day Act, which prohibits any Sunday entertainment where money is taken at the doors. On Thursday the secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, the Rev. Frederick Peake, LL.D., was examined and cross-examined by Lord Thring, and a pretty exhibition he made of himself. The rev. gentleman seems to think that the only things anyone ought to do on Sundays are "public worship, instruction of the young (Query, Does that include cricket?), visitation of the sick, helping people in difficulty, and showing acts of kindness to one another," this last a very elastic phrase, which, however, evidently does not mean as much to the Rev. Dr. Peake as it might to some of us. "I find abundance of occupation for the Lord's Day," protests Dr. Peake, entirely forgetting that the Sunday is his working-day, and that he can "have a good time" all the week.

MR. STOREY'S RETIREMENT.

The retirement of Mr. Storey, M.P. for Sunderland, will lose the Government the support of another Radical of that old Laboucharian school which is rapidly becoming quite an anachronism within the new Radical Party. Mr. Storey is a bit of a bore, but then perhaps his opponents take a wrong view of his value to the country. At any rate, he has had a varied career, for he began with farming, tried school-mastering, took to commercial travelling, became manager of a building society, made money, and went in for journalism as a newspaper proprietor. It has been notorious for some time that Mr. Storey did not see eye to eye with the Government on all subjects. But the ostensible cause of his retirement is the state of his health. He has been in Parliament for fifteen years.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 22, 1895.

The Bank return shows a continued increase of strength, and a considerable contraction of internal circulation, while money is so abnormally cheap that some six months' bills are said to have been done at 11-16 per cent., which we believe to be quite a record, and one which the money-lenders do not desire to see broken.

After the end of the half-year it is not unlikely that the floating supply of loanable cash may even increase to more unmanageable proportions than at present, and the prospect of a General Election is already, for the moment, putting an end to any material improvement in trade.

Every week sees advances on the record prices of Corporation stocks and such securities as Gas Light and Coke A, Imperial Continental Gas, and the various Water stocks, which latter have quite recovered the late scare.

Home Rails have been very neglected, showing mere fractional changes, in no case, we think, exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ on balance. In all probability, the passenger receipts, especially of the Southern passenger lines, will show considerable increases as soon as the holiday season really sets in, for they will compare with the "takes" of last year, which were seriously injured by the bad weather.

Despite the attacks of Mr. Nicholson, which continually appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we consider the outlook for such Nitrate companies as Lautaro, St. Jorge, and the like, very promising, and we hear, from good authority, the state of the account in Nitrate Rails is such that the bears can be squeezed at any minute. All the English producing companies are said to be agreed as to the terms of the combination which is to be re-formed for the purpose of limiting the production, and, to become an accomplished fact, the affair only waits for the consent of a few of the coast concerns. We believe the shares of both the companies we have named are improving investments.

The Mining market, by which we mean the Kaffir Circus, has shown great firmness, and the ease with which shares were carried over and the exceedingly moderate rates charged will probably help to encourage speculation. Buffelsdoorns have improved nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ on the week, and it is said Sir Edgar Vincent will join the board. East Rands are slowly recovering from the effects of the shake-out, which was brought about more by dealings in these shares on a single large account than in any other way, and Pleiades have already improved, with every sign of going better. The French Government is sending an expert commission to the Transvaal to report for the benefit of Europe in general upon the Rand Mines, and we cannot help thinking that London and Paris investment shares should be bought. West Australian concerns remain featureless, but as we hear that Mr. Julius Price, the well-known artist, is going to the fields on behalf of the oldest of our illustrated papers, we may expect that his sketches will have no small share in reviving public interest in this, at present, neglected group.

The Grand Trunk traffics continue wretched, but Canadian Pacifics have been firm on the idea that there will be a dividend of 10s. per cent. in August. This may be so, but the condition of the line is so bad that we cannot believe the present system of starvation will, in the end, prove remunerative to the shareholders. The issue of Atlantic and Lake Superior bonds last week has created a vast deal of correspondence and ill-feeling, and the directors have taken the only straightforward course, in returning the money. We are always sorry to see the sort of mistake made which happened with this prospectus.

You ask what you should do about your Rio Tinto debentures, and we say at once "convert," for you will be pretty sure, in these days of high prices for anything like reasonable securities, to get over par if you want to sell the 4 per cent. stock in a few months, and several clients of ours have been buying the old debentures, to make sure of getting an allotment of the new.

The report of the United States Brewing Company is just issued, and as we read it we wonder how, when reasonable interest is so hard to get, the 6 per cent. debentures of this company can possibly stand at about par. We have never read a more satisfactory report, showing, after providing £16,000 for repairs and renewals, and the same sum for depreciation, a net profit of £100,000 upon a sale of 450,000 barrels. The debenture interest takes only £24,000, or, in other words, about one quarter of the net profit, and the total issue is but £400,000, or about one-third of the assets, and not one-half of the amount at which the Breweries (five in number) stand in the company's books. We have it on authority of the highest class that, apart from any brewing business, the land and buildings belonging to the company, in New York and its suburbs, would sell under the hammer for more than the total debenture issue, to say nothing of stocks of raw material or current accounts; if ever a debenture appeared to be covered, and doubly covered, it seems to us that this is a case; in addition to which they can be bought to pay 6 per cent. upon the investment, so that your friends may purchase with every confidence, and not only sleep in peace upon the security, but enjoy a rate of interest which is not often obtainable. Both the preference and ordinary shares are first-rate purchases of their kind, but, considering the yield, we prefer the debentures for those who propose to be holders. With the ordinary shares at over par, what is the lowest estimate of the worth of the debentures?

You ask us when the Trustees Corporation report is to be issued, and we may say at once that we have no exact information, except that the accounts will be made up to May 31, and that the meeting will take place

in July. We recommended the 5 per cent. A debentures because we consider the security ample, and the interest is fairly high. The financial position is, shortly, that there are £200,000 of prior lien bonds still outstanding, and £150,000 A debentures, which rank next. The assets consist of £350,000 debentures of the Mexican Southern Railway, of the market value of about 65, £450,000 preference shares of the same company, a large block of miscellaneous shares and bonds, and £600,000 uncalled capital, so that, to cover both prior lien and A debentures, it is safe to reckon at least £1,000,000 of available assets, or about three times the money required to secure both issues, to say nothing of Winchester House, outstanding calls, and cash at bankers', which cannot be put down at less than £100,000 when added together. We recommend these A debentures with great confidence as a first-rate and remunerative investment, which the most prudent man can hold without fear of loss.

We hear that one of the next large issues will be £200,000 4 per cent. debentures of Basil White and Co., the big cement-makers, and that the price to the public will be 105. No doubt, the stock will be run after and subscribed for many times over, and, if current report is to be trusted, it is all underwritten at 2 per cent. by some of the largest financial houses in the City. There can be no doubt about the security being of the highest order.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE CASTLEMAINE BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED.—The Bank of Australasia is offering 1000 5 per cent. first mortgage debentures of £100 each, and the security seems to us very fair. A specific mortgage will be given over property valued at £167,000, and a floating charge over the other assets, said to be worth £170,000 more. The profits last year were enough to pay the debenture interest three times over, and we see only one drawback to the issue, and that is the probability that there will be a very limited market. For people who desire a good 5 per cent. investment, and don't care about a readily marketable security, we consider this issue a really first-rate chance.

THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY COMPANY is offering 285,000 shares of £10 each, which, with £700,000 of 4 per cent. debentures, will form the capital of the concern. The objects of the company are too well known for us to repeat them, but we may say that the board is a very strong one, and that, if it sticks to its published promise not to go in for extensions, there can be no reasonable doubt about the financial results of the undertaking. Interest at the rate of 3 per cent. will be paid during construction, and the directors' estimates of traffic appear to us moderate. This issue is quite a sign of the times, for when efforts were made to underwrite it some eighteen months ago, they proved a complete failure, whereas the other day the difficulty was to find room for everybody who wanted, in City language, "a slice."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. J. W.—(1) We think well of Read's Drift Land, which comes from a very good group, but you should look to increase in capital value rather than dividend. (2) Transvaal Gold we also think well of, and the shares are being talked of as likely to see £10. (3) All dairy shares are risky, but the ones you name are among the best. (4) We doubt the advisability of purchasing these shares in the present state of the trade, but the company is a good one.

W. H. P.—There is no reason to sell East London shares or debentures just now. You had better wait until the bucket-shops get up another rise, which they generally do about Christmas, and clear out. Of course, the shares are mere gambling counters.

F. W. P.—We have not the figures before us at this moment, but when we wrote on June 5, we had. In substance, you may take it that the company's revenue has doubled within the last twelve months, and the machines are coming into more extensive use every day. We fully expect the ordinary shares will get 10 per cent. within a short time. They yield 6 per cent. now. We should clear out investments Nos. 1 and 2, especially the second. As to No. 3, if you bought cheap, take your profit; but if not, and you can afford a little risk, hold for a further rise. The concern is said to be doing well, and it would not surprise us to see the shares at par. Buy United States Brewing Company's debentures, to pay 6 per cent.

OMEGA.—Hold Nitrate Rails, which we expect will go over 19, and then sell. See this week's "Notes" for a 6 per cent. investment. If you put £500 into United States Brewing Company's debentures at par, and £500 into the A debentures of the Trustees Corporation at the same price, you will get £55 a-year for your legacy, and can sleep on your investments.

SAFETY.—(1) We should not buy the shares in question as a permanent investment, but we think there will be a good dividend at first. This answer is not prompted by the extracts you send us, but because we fear too much has been given for the goodwill. (2) We do not know the company, but suppose it owns the paper of the same name. If so, current report says it is doing well.

C. W. D.—(1) It is very difficult to say if your brokers gave too much for the shares, but we know that it was difficult to deal, and it may well be that they could not get a lower offer. Brokers and jobbers hang together, and it would be difficult to prove lower dealings on that day. We know shares have changed hands at higher prices. (2) We will make inquiries at the company's office about the transfers and let you know next week.

J. J. G.—We should hold all the shares, and think well of 3 and 4. Sell the first two when you can get out without much loss. (5) See our "Notes" of last week. (6) We are sorry you have bought. (7) We think very well of these shares, but the accounts are made up to June 30 and submitted in September, so that you must not expect the dividend till then. It is pretty sure to be 6 per cent., or more.

GREAT BOULDER.—(1) Write to Nathan R. Keizer and Co., of Cowper's Court, E.C., and they will tell you if your bonds are drawn. (2) If the published accounts are to be trusted, the prospects are very good. (3) Very doubtful.

MAIN REEF.—(1) We think so. We don't know the exact distance, but it is some way off. (2) We think well of this company, which is close to Randfontein with some blocks, and near Champ d'Or with others. We believe the money has been found, but, not being on the board of either company, cannot speak with certainty.